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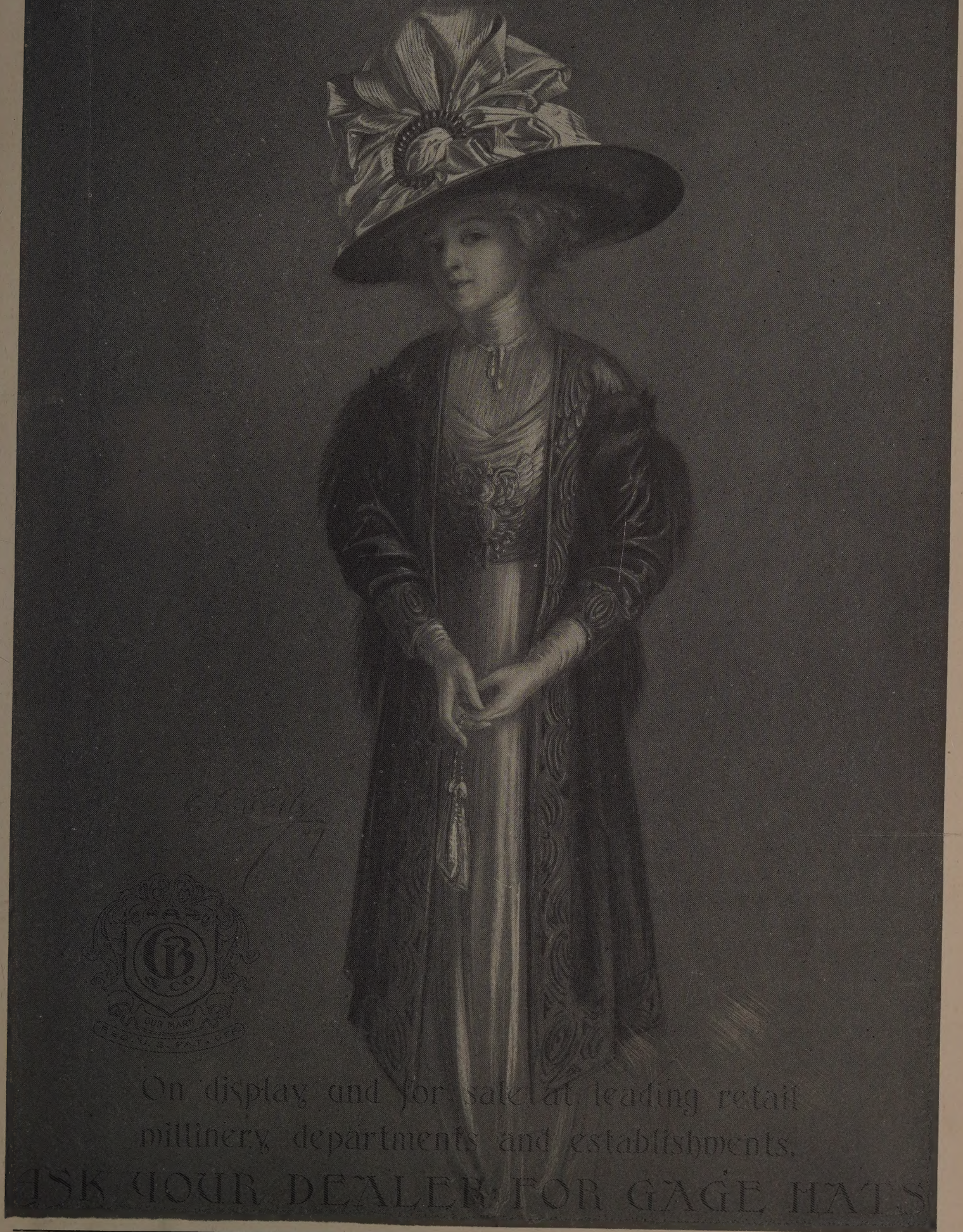

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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BALTIMORE NEW YORK LONDON

THE THEATRE

VOL. X — OCTOBER, 1909 — NO. 104

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Photo White

MISS JULIA MARLOWE

Who will open the New Theatre with E. H. Sothern on November 8 next in Shakespeare's tragedy "Antony and Cleopatra"

PLAYS OF THE MONTH

NEW AMSTERDAM. THE LOVE CURE. 'Musical play in three acts by Oliver Herford from the German of Leo Stein and Karl Lindau. Music by Edmund Eysler. Produced Sept. 1 with this cast:

Torelli.....Charles J. Ross	The Leading Old Woman..Blanche Rice
Alfred Blake.....Craig Campbell	A Chorus Girl.....Helen Rockefeller
Mr. Blake.....Fred Frear	A Page.....Grace Waldo
Major Vaughn.....Joseph Allen	Stage Doorkeeper.....George Pullman
Mr. Silliman.....Thomas H. Walsh	Policeman .....Pedro Reddiman
James .....James Horne	Libretto Boy.....William Kaestner
The Leading Old Man.....Arda Lacroix	Carriage Caller.....Jack Bergman
Clarence Chauncey.....Harry Hyde	Mgr. of Novelty Theatre.Geo. McDermott
Nelly Vaughn.....Elgie Bowen	Stage Manager.....Milton Pollock
Mildred Silliman.....Eva Fallon	Assistant Stage Manager..Henry Russell
Mrs. Julia Silliman.....Alice Hosmer	

Take that capital basic idea so well worked out in Sullivan—better known to theatregoers as "David Garrick"—and later used with a change of sex in "Nance Oldfield"; adapt it to modern and local conditions; accompany it with a deliciously tuneful and well-constructed Viennese score; dress it with liberality and taste; turn it over to an excellent company, and you have "The Love Cure," which gives every indication of running for months at the New Amsterdam to crowded houses. It is not quite another "Merry Widow," but it is so infinitely superior to that host of recent English importations with their saccharine tinkle and stodgy and irrelative books that it looms up like an oasis in the desert of the trifling comic opera mediocrity. When it comes to his original first love opera, Henry W. Savage is not inclined to do things by halves, and his present production is not only on the lines of almost prodigality but of exceptional taste as well. Three elaborate sets have been painted by Walter W. Burridge, representing the exterior of the Novelty Theatre, the drawing room in Mr. Blake's house and behind the scenes of the Novelty Theatre. They provide fitting and picturesque backgrounds for action that is rapid, entertaining and novel. The original book by Leo Stein and Karl Lindau has been adapted to local use by Oliver Herford, who has accomplished his task with much dexterity and a nice sense of refined and natural fun. His lyrics have a neat singing quality and the dialogue is not without those flashes of fun that have made his name a synonym for subtle and individual humor. The score is delightful in that it possesses not only form of real musicianly quality, but that sparkling, dashing and tuneful idea so associated with the Viennese school. It is well rendered by an enlarged orchestra under the direction of Augustus Barrett, who leads with authority and discretion, and is sung, too, by the big company with much verve, precision and feeling. Alfred Blake, young and impressionable, falls under the spell of Nelly Vaughn, prima donna of the Novelty Theatre. His father persuades her to disillusionize him. She agrees to do so, only to find that when the task confronts her that Alfred is the man she really loves. Of course, the end is a happy one. Throughout the story figures prominently Torelli, leading man of the Novelty Theatre, with a thorough knowledge of the world, both on and off the stage. A sort of Michonnet, he combines with a noble devotion for Nelly a keen strain of philosophy and humor. This rôle is played by Charles J. Ross with a poise, authority and distinction that place him in the front rank of leading men. It is wonderful, too, with what skill he uses a voice often taxed by intricate music. It is a rôle of splendid opportunity, and every phase of it is realized to the full. The handsome Charles scores

White Earl of Dextminster (Thomas Thorne) Teddy Bacon (John Flood) Mrs. Killgrew (Grace Filkins) Jasper Mallory (Frederick Perry)
Act I. "Betsy" (Miss Filkins): "My dear Earl, we are off to the wedding and you can drive us in the tally-ho"
SCENE IN KELLETT CHAMBERS' COMEDY "AN AMERICAN WIDOW" AT THE HUDSON

in it a veritable triumph. Elgie Bowen sings Nelly with much vocal charm and acts with spirited resource. Craig Campbell vocally aids her with a nice, resonant voice, which he handles with taste and truth, and Fred Frear and Alice Hosmer in character rôles play with much comic unction. Long before "The Love Cure" has run its course its haunting and bewitching melodies will be whistled and hummed from the Battery to the Bronx.

CRITERION. "THE FLAG LIEUTENANT." Comedy in four acts by Major W. P. Drury and Leo Trevor. Produced Aug. 30 with this cast :

Hon. Sir Berkeley Wynne.Lumsden Hare	General Gough-Bogle.....C. Leslie Allen
John Penrose.....John May	Colonel Macleod.....H. J. Ginn
Richard Lascelles.....Bruce McRae	Captain Munro.....Richard Garrick
Christopher Neate.....W. H. Gilmore	Michael Palliser.....Frank Shannon
William Thesiger.....Francis Carlyle	Memeti Salos.....Geo. K. Roland
Walter Crutchley.....Lawrence Grant	Quartermaster .....Wallace Jackson
Horatio Hood.....Basil Hallam	Lady Dugdale.....Adeline Wheatcroft
Edward Dormer-Lee.....Geo. Probert	Mrs. Gough-Bogle.....Rosa Rand
George Blockley.....Homer Hunt	Mrs. Cameron.....Isabel Irving
James Sloggett.....Herbert Budd	Viola Hood.....Helen Freeman
Thomas Steele.....Emmet Whitney	Lady Hermione Wynne....Vera McCord
Joshua Borlase.....Dudley Digges	

Bruce McRae is a young actor who has done some admirable work in the support of numerous popular stars. It was a polite recognition of his deserts which induced Charles Frohman to put him out at the head of the company, which was to present "The Flag Lieutenant" for the first time in this country. With a run of more than three hundred nights of this naval comedy in London, it was not surprising that of this joint work by Major W. P. Drury and Leo. Trevor much was expected in these parts. That it failed to make the impression expected is much to be regretted on account of Mr. McRae, whose impersonation of the title rôle left little to be desired. It was a spirited, manly, varied and sympathetic rendering which he gave of the kindly brave and Quixotic hero; but the piece turned out to be somewhat labored and trite in its comedy scenes and exceedingly commonplace and feeble in its moments of polite melodrama.

During the troubles in Crete, William Thesiger, Major of Marines, dons the clothes of a dead Bashi Bazouk and endeavors to break through their lines to secure assistance for a besieged garrison. Just as he is about to start he is wounded in the head, which completely impairs his memory. The flag lieutenant, Richard Lascelles, takes his place and accomplishes his effort successfully. But the credit is assigned to Thesiger, and rather than rob his friend of the credit of the daring feat—Thesiger honestly believes he did it—is accused of cowardice and desertion, and is threatened with court martial. Of course, in the end he is vindicated, wins the hand of a charmingly pretty but rather colorless young woman, while Thesiger secures as a bride an amiable and attractive young widow. There are numerous naval types introduced of varying value, but the dramatic scene of the wounding is far from convincing in that the spirited action is carried on right down in front to the accompanying fusillade of rattan sticks on the heads of complaisant bass drums.

The acting is good throughout. Lumsden Hare is imposing as Vice-Admiral and Francis Carlyle enacts the wounded Major in a way that has won him much approval in melodramatic and romantic rôles of a similar kind. Basil Hallam and George Probert portray two midshipmen with a freshness that deserves court-martial, and C. Leslie Allen as General Gough-Bogle and Rosa Rand as his wife, a gossiping couple, impart some faint humor to a rather tedious third act. As the widow, Isabel Irving brings her experience and pleasing personality to a tenuous rôle, which is also characteristic of Vera McCord's rendering of the hero's sweetheart. Frank Shannon is spiritedly effective as Michael Palliser, a telegraph operator and the god in the machine.

HACKETT. "SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN." Comedy in four acts by Channing Pollock. Produced Aug. 31 with this cast:

Mary .....Jessie Ralph	Cora Fitzgerald.....Gertrude Barrett
Baron Cosaca.....Geo. W. Barnum	Margaret Donnelly.....Marion Little
Anna Victoria.....Elsie Ferguson	Harry Sherman.....Stanley G. Wood
Nathaniel Quigg.....Louis R. Grisel	A Messenger.....William Cahan
Robert Trainor.....Francis Byrne	Count Mavichec.....Kraft Walton
Adolph Lauman.....Ralph Stuart	General Myrza.....Menifee Johnstone
Elizabeth Lauman.....Eleanor Lawson	Colonel Haupt.....Arthur A. Klein
Stephen IV.....Frank Gilmour	Prince Niklas.....A. W. Neuendorf

After the flashlights of the Great White Way and the enlarged

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FORBES ROBERTSON AS SHYLOCK

negatives of Tenderloin life that have so obtrusively occupied certain of the metropolitan stages, it is distinctly refreshing and pleasing to sit out such a charmingly agreeable and poetical comedy as Mr. Channing Pollock has written under the title, "Such a Little Queen," and which now holds the boards at the Hackett Theatre. Somewhat ingenuous perhaps for jaded city palates and calling for a certain imaginative quality not often demanded in the neighborhood of West Forty-second Street. The piece, by its simple graciousness, delicacy of thought and dainty humor should demonstrate Henry B. Harris' original faith in it and yield him

that return which even commercial ideality is not wont to flee from—a prosperous box office. It is not fair to Mr. Pollock's originality to say that his play belongs to, and was suggested by, that school of which "The Prisoner of Zenda" was such a shining and prosperous example. But the romance of his vein belongs to this land of Hope. His treatment is his own—deft, sure and ingenious. His application of an exiled royal couple, compelled to live amidst embarrassing pecuniary troubles in a Harlem flat, is a daring venture that succeeds by its very temerity. The construction throughout is admirable; the dialogue fluent, easy, witty and natural; the delineation of character positive and clear-cut; while throughout it all prevails a spirit of genuine poetical fancy. Mr. Pollock deserves sincere congratulation in that he not only found the courage to devote his time to the composition of such a graceful little play, but that his talents stood him so happily in its delightful accomplishment.

Exiled from Herzegovina, Anna Victoria, queen of that country, comes to New York. Thither Stephen IV, King of Bosnia, another regal refugee, also comes. Diplomatically and geographically intended for one another, their struggles in the land of the free are graphically and humorously represented in their battles with rapacious landlords and dominating cook ladies. Each is compelled to work for a living, and the woman shows a business capacity that for the time eclipses Stephen's efforts. A kindly young American for a while looms up as a possible King Consort, but the end is logical and the conclusion happy. It is a very intelligent and accomplished company which Mr. Harris has gathered for its presentation. By charming refinement, personal winsomeness, and considerable beauty, Miss Elsie Ferguson, not many years ago an humble chorus girl in Francis Wilson's company, jumps into the front rank of the younger feminine stars, and by the skill which she manifests in her work promises to advance rapidly toward still greater achievements. Equally important is Frank Gilmour as Stephen, a part played by him with the nicest distinction of manly grace. Ralph Stuart is happy and dominating as one of those aggressive but kind-hearted businessmen without which no play seems complete these days, and George W. Barnum gives one of his complete little character sketches of foreign extraction. Francis Byrne is agreeable as the young New Yorker who almost wins a Queen, and Eleanor Lawson as a breezy, self-reliant, up-to-date girl, helps the general effect. A delicious bit of real life is contributed by Jessie Ralph as an independent queen of the *cuisine*.

Photo Byron, N. Y. W. J. Ferguson Louise Mackintosh Jane Cowl Frank Worthing
Act I. Fanny (Jane Cowl): "I shall leave this house at once!"
SCENE IN LEO DITRICHSTEIN'S COMEDY "IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"

BELASCO. "IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?" Comedy in three acts by Leo Ditrichstein. Produced Aug. 24 with this cast:

Skelton Perry, Frank Worthing; Hugh Wheeler, W. J. Ferguson; Frank Bolt, James Bradbury; Albert Rand, Edward Langford; Jasper Stark, John F. Webber; David Meek, F. Newton Lindo; Dr. Hoyt, Robert Rogers; George Wilson, H. J. Tobin, Jr.; Lem Borden, Gilmore Scott; Herman Ringler, Frank Manning; Fanny Perry, Jane Cowl; Kate Wheeler, Louise Mackintosh; Madge Bolt, Anne Sutherland; Alice Rand, Louise Woods; Annie Stark, Lou Ripley; Lucy Meek, Gretta Vandell; Helen Hoyt, Blanche Yurka; Julia Wilson, Helen Braun; Natalie Borden, Julia Reinhardt; Sadie Ringler, Josie Morris Sullivan; Paul Barton, William Morris; Lulu Wheeler, Jane Grey; Carrie, Helen Ferguson.

Mr. Belasco's tendencies to follow his own counsel, regardless of the prevailing type of plays, had its usual result of success in his production of a farce from the German entitled "Is Matrimony a Failure?" He is so successfully fond of detail that it is no easy matter to describe all the elements of success in some of the plays which he puts forward. The story of this farce is simple enough, its details are innumerable, and all of them count. At an anniversary wedding supper in a New Jersey village, the announcement is casually made by a visiting lawyer that it has been discovered that all marriages performed by the clerk of the local justice during his absences on vacation are invalid. There is pretended consternation, but suppressed joy. We had seen many of the couples in their little quarrels apart. The clergyman's advice is that all go immediately and become properly joined in marriage. This is not so easily brought about. A truce is had. They cannot continue living together in the meantime. The husbands are led away with ill-concealed rejoicing, glad of their liberty, to take up their abode at the village inn and consider matters. Reports are had that they are having a high time; but they begin to weaken and long for the presence of their wives. The women pretend to hold out, they grow haggard and are ill at ease. Of course, there is great variety of demonstration or suppression of emotion. Finally the Wheelers, the mature couple at whose house the dinner party at the opening of the play was held, plan to have the wives

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" at the Belasco Theatre

Photos Byron, N. Y. Anne Sutherland F. Newton Lindo Louise Mackintosh W. J. Ferguson William Morris Frank Worthing

ACT I. DAVID MEEK (MR. LINDO): "—— AND ALL CIVIL MARRIAGES PERFORMED BY ANOTHER PERSON SHALL BE VOID"

F. Newton Lindo Louise Mackintosh John F. Webber W. J. Ferguson Frank Worthing William Morris

ACT I. JASPER STARK (MR. WEBBER): "NO SUCH LUCK. I WAS MARRIED BY BILL GAYLOR DURING THE CLOSED SEASON"

Photos Sarony, N. Y.

GUY STANDING
Playing Lieutenant Meade in "The Barrier"

ELSIE FERGUSON
A hit in "Such a Little Queen" at the Hackett

WILLIAM COURTENAY
Appearing as the Duke in "Arsene Lupin"

at tea, and to invite the husbands to a reception, without informing either husbands or wives of the plan. When the doors are thrown open, and one wife at a time is called out, the reconciliations are effected. With a very large cast and many couples in the opening of the play the most expert in the audience in dramatic complication may well have doubted the promise of homogeneity in the action, but the author, the actors and Mr. Belasco were equal to the composing of this difficult task. Although Frank Worthing might be designated as the central figure, the cast held so many capable people, and the play was so full of episode and incident that every actor had his opportunity. In other words, every individual in the play proper was alive. There was drollery after drollery, drollery of situation, individual drollery and combined drollery. It is a play that lends itself to drollery of facial expression. There were shades of humor and bits of fun everywhere. There was a delightful scene between Mr. Bolt and his wife, played by James Bradbury and Anne Sutherland. Mr. Bolt is willing to renew his contract with Mrs. Bolt, but on terms of his own. We know that Mr. Bolt has been a gay bird, he is an architect, and has been in the habit of visiting New York on occasion, frequently, and at odd times, unexpectedly, in order to study architecture. These studies have been pursued at various suppers, always in the neighborhood of Forty-second Street and Broadway. Mr. Bolt had been right in it. He was getting along very well in laying down his terms, self-confident and even jubilant, when Mrs. Bolt, after having quietly listened to him, says that she has terms of her own to make. She cross-questions him and presents some facts which Mr. Bolt cannot deny. She subdues him. The process is delightfully droll.

Moffett, Chicago

JOHN BARRYMORE
Who has made a hit as Nathaniel Duncan in "The Fortune Hunter"

No wonder, when Anne Sutherland was Mrs. Bolt and James Bradbury was Mr. Bolt. Anne Sutherland has had experience with husbands, as we all well remember from "Mary Jane's Pa." Mr. Belasco is a wise seer in selecting his people. Here is an array of the old and experienced with the new, the worthy and well trained. Some of these latter were surprises, as in the case of Jane Cowl and Jane Grey. They made good wives, but naughtily capricious. But, for that matter, the whole matrimonial game was played, and a subject that could easily have been spoiled in the treatment proved to be innocently diverting. No one who is at all familiar with the people of the stage can fail to note the excellence of the cast and surmise one of the secrets of the success of this farce. A detailed account of the play, with its points of laughter and its acting, is impossible. It will afford laughter for the entire season easily.

COMEDY. "THE MELTING POT." Drama in four acts by Israel Zangwill. Produced Sept. 6 with this cast:

Mendel Quixano	Sheridan Block
Baron Revendal	John Blair
Quincy Davenport, Jr.	Grant Stewart
Herr Pappelmeister	Henry Vogel
Vera Revendal	Chrystal Herne
Baroness Revendal	Leonora von Ottinger
Frau Quixano	Louise Muldener
Kathleen O'Reilly	Nellie Butler
David Quixano	Walker Whiteside

A big theme does not necessarily make a big play. It depends upon the sincerity, the capacity and the technical skill of the writer. In "The Melting Pot" Mr. Zangwill has chosen a subject of almost infinite magnitude, something that concerns the vanguard of civilized humanity, involving millions upon millions of living and unborn people. But Mr. Zangwill is a man of courage, although in this case his courage goes beyond his discretion. He has courage also to have theories of his own on the technical side of the

drama. In other words, he is under the momentary hallucination that he is a trifle superior to dramatic law. He claims and attempts to demonstrate in "The Melting Pot" that atmosphere is the soul of a play, and that plot is a comparatively negligible quantity. He is not so far gone in his theories, however, to attempt to write a play without a plot. Of course, plot is a varying quantity according to subject and material, but there is nothing new in this play, being simple in that respect. It is all in order and very proper according to what Mr. Zangwill had in mind, but not according to the magnitude of the subject. This plot is a plot of the old-fashioned romantic melodrama pure and simple. A young Jew, a musician, a genius, finds refuge in America, the land of freedom and opportunities, after his family have been massacred at Kishineff. He falls in love with a girl who is a settlement worker and who is at once drawn to him. She is the daughter of the Russian General, an aristocrat, who had ordered the troops to perform their work of carnage. Then begins the young man's spiritual conflict, which ends when Mr. Zangwill, with illogical zeal, throws the two lovers into the melting pot.

It is romantic and nothing else. There is really no other question involved. The union of these two is abhorrent from any point of view. It does not have even the real touch of romanticism. Nor is there any true reality about it. It is only by sighing and false sentimentality that the result is brought about. While the plot is simple and old-fashioned, at its climax it reaches one of the furthest points north, so to speak, yet discovered toward the magnetic pole of melodrama. The aristocratic Russian General, who happens to be visiting America, when face to face with the young refugee, levels a pistol at him to slay him; but his arm is palsied by the calm look of the young man, and presently he hands the pistol to him with the very reasonable request that the victim of his own inhumanity slay him. The young man lays the pistol on the table and goes out quietly with his violin under his arm, saying that he must get a new string. This is merely a trick, situation and melodrama. The action of the Russian dog is wholly inconsistent and the effect is merely that of a dignified aristocrat turning a double handspring backward. It would also be interesting to know exactly what Mr. John Blair, who plays the part, thinks he is trying to act. Of course, there are actors and authors and other people who are always trying to do something different from anything ever seen before or imagined before. Mr. Blair uses a suppressed growl of a voice which is certainly not his own, and which belongs to a hitherto unknown octave in human utterance.

Mishkin

HEDWIG REICHER

Daughter of Emanuel Reicher, the famous Berlin actor, who makes her début this season on the American stage as the Russian heroine in "On the Eve"

The plot of the play is rudimentary, hardly developed beyond its proposition. Mr. Zangwill exhibits bad taste in having the Jewish mother perform a dance with the cook as she breaks into the room wearing a false nose. We have already pointed out the ineptness of the play. There is really no serious purpose in it. The theme is hardly more than touched upon, and that only in speeches.

GARRICK. "DETECTIVE SPARKES." Comedy in four acts by Michael Morton. Produced Aug. 23 with this cast:

Fred. Coleridge	Julian Royce
Lord Axminster	Frank Burbeck
Alick Forbes	Edwin Nicander
Mr. Smeathe	Percival Aylmer
Colonel Morley	David Torrence
Inspector Borough	Louis Massen
Gordon Westwood	F. Owen Baxter
Mr. Fales	Kenneth Hill
Doctor Fry	Harry Barfoot
Harding	L. C. Howard
Baines	James Lounsbury
John	Aubrey Lowell
Dobbins	W. J. Burns
Henry	C. W. Lewis
Manager of Hotel	Wm. Postance
Ferrol	E. J. Norris
Page Boy	Leslie Miller
Athole Forbes	Hattie Williams
Nellie Fenwick	Vira Stowe
Lady Axminster	Anne Meredith
Mary Coleridge	Vida Croly Sidney
A Maid	Mabel Millard

Hattie Williams is very capable. She has individuality, and, as usual, charm goes with that quality. She is natural, while her play, "Detective "Sparkes," is artificial. This is almost as much as to say that she is the play, but it is fair to acknowledge that the play has as many telling as impossible devices and situations in it. While the play is made for the trade, it has considerable novelty, and this novelty may be taken in good part as compensation for many of its improbabilities. The action is farcical and need not be scrutinized too closely. Detective Sparkes is a myth created by Athole Forbes (Hattie Williams), an American girl whose sister has married an English lord. According to English authorities, an American girl so situated is capable of doing the most extraordinary things. A wrecked balloon has been found and in it a brooch which Athole recognizes as belonging to her sister. According to English authorities, again, an American girl who becomes an English Lady would naturally go up in a balloon with her husband's friends. She is missing. Athole has to save her sister from a scandal. She invents some very complicated means to this end, it must be confessed. Athole procures situations for the play and is kept busy from the moment that she determines to telephone to her brother-in-law, the Lord, that an attempt will be made that night to rob him of his collection of miniatures. She represents herself as Detective Sparkes, disguised in goggles and a raincoat. Of course, the servants sit up all night guarding the case of miniatures and go to sleep. Athole

as the Detective slips down the stairway and steals the miniatures (for some inscrutable purpose), shoots off a pistol two or three times, and when the house is aroused makes the servants confess that she, Detective Sparkes, has had a combat with the thieves. This is certainly very lively, and mildly amusing if nothing else. Athole has to keep busy and post off at once to the hotel where her sister is to be found. She has some experience with the police there, gets the brooch from one of the reporters by a clever ruse, but is finally accused of being the burglar of the miniatures. She shuts off the lights and escapes with her sister, the sister passive, Athole still active. The police follow her to her brother-in-law's home and are about to arrest her. She pretends to faint, whereupon the policeman rushes off for some brandy, when she locks the door, smashes the window, and is supposed to have jumped out and escaped. When she next appears from her own room with her sister, the mystery baffles everybody, or, whether it is a reasonable solution or not it satisfies everybody. Athole explains that the brooch found in the balloon was her own, and that she was up in the air (along with the play) with her fiancé. An obliging young gentleman accepts the situation provided by the enterprising young American. Comedy must represent truth. This play does not, but it is a serviceable farce.

"MARCELINE"
The Hippodrome's famous clown

MAJESTIC. "The Bridge." Play in four acts by Rupert Hughes. Produced Sept. 4 with this cast:

John Stoddard.....Guy Bates Post	Dolan .....Alfred Paget
Nathaniel Van Nest.....Albert Gran	Harlan.....E. S. Thompson
Kenneth Stuyvesant....Douglas J. Wood	Page .....Charles Tisdale
Gerald Fitzgerald.....Shelley Hull	Janet Van Nest.....Katharine Emmet
Victor Lazinski.....William Wadsworth	Edith Stoddard.....Josephine Sherwood
Sevcik .....John Arthur	Mrs. Sarah Suydam.....Leila Repton
Jim Patch.....Edmund Seraghan	Alicia Pond.....Merle Maddern
Bucheim .....Bernard Reinold	Kathleen Lord.....Jean Darracn
Hawkins .....Alfred Paget	Ludmilla Sevcik.....June Congrove
Hickey .....Edward Clayton	

"The Bridge" demonstrates Mr. Fiske's rank among the most efficient producers of the day. A huge bridge in process of construction across a wide and deep chasm is both daring and absolutely new. It was no easy thing to gain the desired effect of actuality and perspective. The sense of distance was there and the beauty of landscape. The problem of having the men engaged in actual work, hoisting great beams with chains, throwing red hot bolts to workmen who deftly catch them in buckets, putting them in place to be subjected to the rat-a-tat-tat of the riveting, with all the details of the craftsmanlike work, was successfully carried through. A living picture of one of the modern wonders of construction is an achievement for the stage. If it were only this and nothing more it would have comparatively limited significance, although marking a high point in modern stage management, but it does serve a larger purpose. In the bridge lies the spirit of the play. The labor problem hastens to its climax on its great girders. The action hinges upon its construction. It is the honest, manly and uncompromising spirit of the engineer that wins the daughter of the rich man who is unwilling to give fair terms to the laborers. No one who watches these men at their perilous work can withhold his respect or would not assent to the justice of any reasonable demand from them in the matter of compensation. In short, it would be difficult to imagine a mechanical effect more bound up in the action of a play than the building of this bridge. In a melodrama the effect would be merely meretricious. But in this case the bridge is the heart of the story and of the philosophy of the play. The building is so contrived as not to interrupt the action. There is just enough of activity and subdued noise to give the proper impression, and the whole is so managed as not to leave merely a momentary impression with an anticlimax of cessation from the work.

The story is simple and effective. A walking delegate comes to order a strike. The incidents of his interference, including a fight among the workmen, is a real transcript from histories of

(*Continued on page xi*)

Hall

SOME MAORI BEAUTIES IN THE ARAWA TRIBE APPEARING AT THE HIPPODROME

Scenes in "Such a Little Queen" at the Hackett Theatre

Photos White Robert Trainor (Francis Byrne) Anna Victoria (Elsie Ferguson)
ACT I. ANNA: "THIS IS ALL I HAVE LEFT FROM MY REGAL DAYS"

Stephen IV (Frank Gilmour) Anna Victoria (Elsie Ferguson)
ACT II. STEPHEN IV: "I'LL SHOW YOU THAT A KING CAN WORK"

Anna Victoria (Elsie Ferguson) Robert Trainor (Francis Byrne) Adolph Lauman (Ralph Stuart) Stephen IV (Frank Gilmour) Elizabeth (Eleanor Lawson)
ACT II. STEPHEN IV: "WE ARE JUST GOING OUT TO LUNCH"

A New Comedian from the East Side

"WELL, I'll take chances on one more."

The manager voiced in this indirect way the managerial belief that actor folk have cornered that ignoble fault, ingratitude. There was no need to recite his grievances. The youth who sat at the other end of the managerial desk had heard them all before. 'Tis an oft-told tale of managers. The young man made a reply most unexpected.

"I understand, Colonel. You can rest easy. I'll stand by my contract. You see, I know the question from both sides—the manager's as well as the actor's."

"Are you joking, Bobby?"

"Not at all. Haven't you heard of "The Merry Whirl"? Best thing there is in burlesque. Fifty people. Music by Julian Edwards. Staged by the best in the business, though I promised not to use his name. Cliff Gordon and I own it."

"Your own money?"

"Every dollar of it." Pride asserted itself in the boy's square shoulders.

"How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-five."

"And Cliff Gordon—he's a vaudeville man, isn't he?"

"Yes. He's twenty-nine."

The manager recalled suddenly that the face that had confronted him in the mirror that morning was framed in unequivocally gray hair. He sighed, "The boys are getting a throat clutch on this business." Then he turned to more sanguine things.

"All right. I'll trust you, Bobby North. We'll make it a three years' contract."

Bobby North has been the fashion in fun on Broadway since the first night he played Sub-Lieutenant Wallerstein in "The Gay Hussars." The hurdy-gurdies are playing his rollicking nonsense, "My Friend Lebel." Young comedians are practising before the looking glasses in their hall bedrooms the peculiar distortions of his flexible face. Managers have led him upon the mountain top and showed him an alluring prospect—the future, its profits to be shared with them.

White

BOBBY NORTH
As Lieutenant Wallerstein in "The Gay Hussars"

Far different this from the beginning, for Bobby North began literally in the gallery. He had a sweet soprano voice at that time, for that was twelve and a half years ago, when he was twelve and a half years old. The voice is now a high baritone. He sang responses to Maud Nugent, who was with Billy Jerome's Herald Square Comedians. Miss Nugent sang *Rosie O'Grady* and *Mamie Reilly,* and from the gallery Bobby North in trousers piped shrill but sweet reply.

The lad was born on soil that has produced popular comedians. Sam Bernard conducted a child's theatre, charging a penny a head for admission, in a cellar less than a square away. Joe Weber and Lew Fields made their terrestrial and dramatic beginnings in an adjoining street. Robert North—this is his real name—was born on Essex Street. Had he and his brothers and sisters answered to the question "How many are you?" they would have replied, "We are eleven."

Because of the eleven, and the fact that his father, a carpenter, had fallen upon lean times, the five dollars a week which the lad received besides "expenses while traveling" for responding to *Rosie O'Grady* and *Mamie Reilly,* were divided with the family, a somewhat uneven division, for the singer sent home three dollars and reserved two, yet at the end of the season he had saved eleven dollars.

Before the next engagement the boy worked in a department store between seasons. "I was the same as a hod carrier, only instead of a hod I carried cigar boxes," he explained. "It was a good deal like carrying an accordion that won't behave, or like managing a fan with a broken handle. And there was a boy who had been working there for three years who was always saying, 'Aw, why don't ye do it this way?'"

Following his experience with the refractory cigar boxes came five years with the Bohemian Burlesquers and Billy Van. "I played everything; it was a splendid school," was his summary of those five years. "But while it was a good school, don't imagine I was making money. I worked for five years before I could get over twenty-five dollars."

He was seventeen years old when he was chosen to succeed David Warfield in Jewish characters in "Fiddledee" with Weber and Fields. He remained with that company for two seasons.

He joined Murray and Mack, then played with a stock company at the Casino in Los Angeles the Weber-Fields travesties. He played the German parts of Sam Bernard and the Hebrew parts of David Warfield. He even played Louise Collier's part Mary McPain. "I played it straight, too," the boy asserts with visible pride in his conquest of the art of wearing skirts.

To San Francisco he went next to play in Fisher's Theatre in "Miss Mazuma," "Anheuser-Busch" and "The Whirl of the Town," and thence to Pittsburg to play in the Weber-Fields burlesques at the Grand Opera House. He played a small part in "Buster Brown" in New York, and played Sam Bernard's part in "The Girl from Kay's" when that play went on tour. This swung open the door of chance, for though he and "The Girl from Kay's" went on a long quest of the dollars that are to be gathered on "the Road," a swift runner from Col. Savage's office saw the play at Atlantic City and made mental note of the unctuous comedian. There followed two and a half years in vaudeville in which

Scenes in "The Love Cure" at the New Amsterdam

Photos White

ACT I. UPPER BROADWAY AT NIGHT; THE AUDIENCE COMING FROM THE "NOVELTY THEATRE"

Torelli (Chas. J. Ross) Nelly Vaughn (Elgie Bowen)

ACT III. BACK OF THE SCENES OF THE "NOVELTY THEATRE"; NELLY VAUGHN RECEIVING A LOVING CUP FROM THE COMPANY AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWO HUNDREDTH NIGHT OF HER PLAY

he gave a Hebrew monologue and burlesqued the affectations of grand opera singers. He gave the grand opera burlesque in "The Merry Go Round" for thirty weeks, then resumed his work in vaudeville. Early this season the door of chance swung open. The swift runner's memory served Bobby North well. He signed with "The Gay Hussars," and he and Sub-Lieutenant Wallerstein became the fashion.

"Action and unction" is Mr. North's recipe for comedy. "Of course, a man can't make laughs unless he has the stuff in the play, but action just before or just after a line helps incalculably. I've experimented in changing the business to see whether I could improve the part, and I've tried some of the lines without action. That settled it, for I missed my laugh.

"One thing I've noticed always goes on the stage. Break something, a plate, a chair, a table, or your own hat, and the audience never fails to laugh.

"Every young actor has a hero when he goes upon the stage. Mine was David Warfield. Although I never saw him until eighteen months after I had played 'Fiddledee,' I knew him through the newspapers and what I'd heard.

"Probably Willie Collier is the greatest American comedian. Nat Goodwin is great as an actor and comedian both. For aggressive comedy there is no one better than Lew Fields. Eddie Foy is a great clown. Sam Bernard is a great comedian. But David Warfield—well, I haven't changed my mind about him."

ADA PATTERSON.

The American Stage Loses Clyde Fitch

CLYDE FITCH, the well-known dramatist, died at Chalons-Sur-Marne, France, on September 4 last, following an operation for appendicitis. He was 44 years old.

Clyde Fitch was the most prolific of American dramatists. He was the author of 60 plays, and at the time of his death three new pieces from his pen, "The City," "The Manicure Girl" and "Modern Marriage" were in rehearsal. The permanency of his reputation will rest, of course, upon those of his plays which have been, or may be, committed to print. The final test, as paradoxical as it may seem, is the literary one, not in the sense of word mongering, but in that the literary quality must be there in fineness of spirit and in the verities of life. Mr. Fitch's many adaptations will necessarily not be in the summing up; but he will pass into the history of our stage as one of our first dramatists to possess distinctive qualities of wit, refinement and close observation of the life about him, with seemingly inexhaustible resources. Above all, his mastery of his craft has set a mark that will not be obliterated. He has advanced the development of the dramatic art with us and the potentialities of the future if dramatists will take to heart the lesson afforded by his career.

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THE LATE CLYDE FITCH

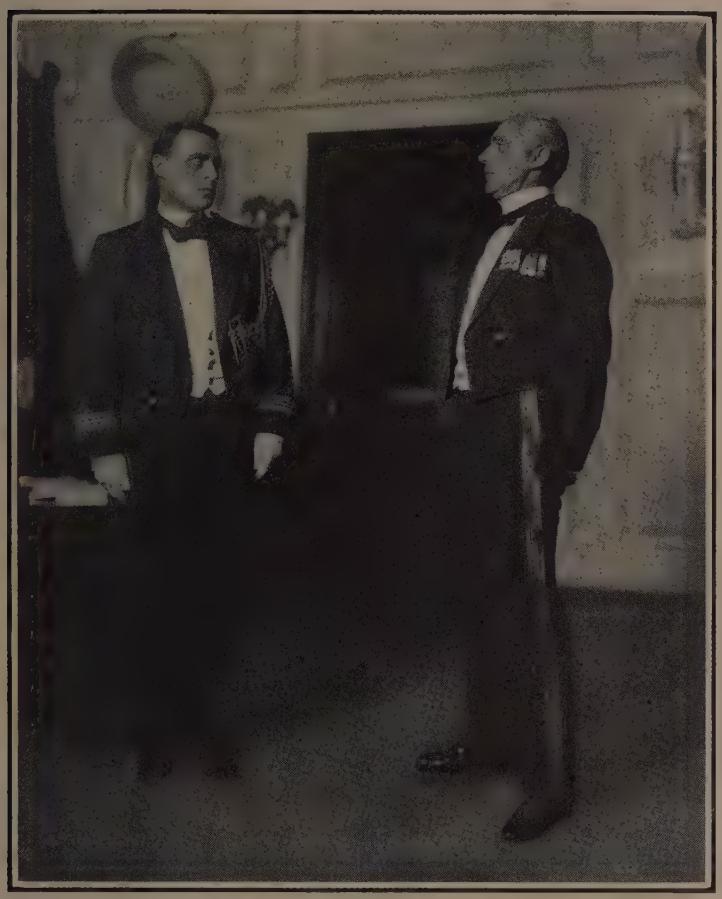
He early recognized the value and beauty of technique. He soon saw that whatever be one's qualities technique was indispensable to their full use. He never posed as a genius superior to his art. In a recent interview he said: "I wrote 'Beau Brummel' when I was twenty-three, but I soon learned from Mr. Mansfield that I didn't know anything about technique. He worked with me over the play until he got it into shape." In the interval between the production of "Beau Brummel" and "The Moth and the Flame" and "Nathan Hale," which plays first established him, he passed a number of years without further recognition or reward, and these years he devoted to the study of the drama. When his career came to him, he was equipped for it. In his abundance of detail and his handling of it he has perhaps not been surpassed by any writer of any time. He had the professional touch and a consequent wonderful facility of composition. His art enabled him to transmute anything of value to stage use. His nicety of touch was like that of the pianist who has mastered his instrument. A master strikes no false notes, and plays as well with his left hand as with his right. Without this mastery Mr. Fitch's failures would have been more frequent.

A large part of him was his art. His trivialities were perfect. His very expertness, which made his plays so pleasing for the moment, will work against the permanency of much of his work. His taste in scenic decoration may still remain by indication in the printed page, but the details of "Business," which he devised with such telling effects, may not be so easily preserved. He was a stage-manager of uncommon resources. A play lives in each moment of its performance only, just as one lives only as he breathes. Few are the dramatists who have realized this in the full sense that Mr. Fitch did. However trivial in passages, he was always true to life, always animated and interesting, and no play of his ever failed because of dullness or obscurity. He often lacked serious purpose in his plots, and made a mere convenience of them for the sake of detail, wit, characterization, episode and business. Lack of capacity was never at the bottom of any of his failures. He often neglected substance, where substance is essential, in the plot. This was exemplified in one of his few prompt failures, "Glad of It," and yet this play was one of his most characteristic, as an expression of his tendencies in observation and expression. "Major André" failed because he neglected plot for episode. It is only possible here to speak of his work in a general way.

It is no empty phrase to say that his death, midway in his career, is a great loss to our stage. There must be a personal note of grief in any record that is made of the cessation of his activity. Of course, he was writing too much, but never was there a finer gift and art devoted to commercial uses. That his achievements would have been higher and better, far more substantial, had he lived, we do not doubt. He was a writer of independent observation, and all that he did bore his individual stamp. This means that he was no common man or mean artist. Usually, the dramatist, after twenty years of active experience, loses much of his individuality and is irresistibly drawn into conventionalism. He retained his individuality and freshness because he understood and commanded his art and was consequently self-reliant. He was refined in spirit and did not stoop to coarseness and vulgarity. He was a gentleman. By his intimates he will be remembered with devoted affection, by the public with admiration, and in history, apart from whatever of his literary reputation may survive, with amazement at his part

(*Continued on page vi*)

Scenes in "The Flag Lieutenant" at the Criterion



Copyright Charles Frohman
Richard Lascelles (Bruce McRae) Sir Berkeley Wynne (Lumsden Hare)
ACT I. LASCELLES: "I SUPPOSE COLONEL MacLEOD DIDN'T ASK FOR AN OFFICER TO ACT AS INTERPRETER?"

Copyright Charles Frohman
William Thesiger (Francis Carlyle) Richard Lascelles (Bruce McRae)
ACT II. LASCELLES: "WILL YOU SPLIT A SAUSAGE WITH ME, MAJOR?"

Copyright Charles Frohman
Lascelles (Bruce McRae) Walter Crutchley, Surgeon (Lawrence Grant) James Sloggett (Herbert Budd)
ACT II. SLOGGETT: "GOOD OLD THESIGER"

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Georges Lucas — Henri Scott — Mme. Eva Grippon — Dominico Russo — Federico Carasa

OPERATIC ARTISTS HEARD IN MR. HAMMERSTEIN'S "EDUCATIONAL" SEASON AT THE MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE

Opening of New York's Opera Season

OPERA has begun—and Oscar Hammerstein began it. This impetuous impresario, who spares neither the ears nor the vacation plans of the poor, slave-driven music critics, could not even wait until the months with R's and oysters began to arrive. He unpadlocked the doors of the Manhattan Opera House on the thirtieth day of August and summoned the public thither.

It was not the commencement of the regular five dollar, furs, frills and fashion opera season. Bless you, no; for those good folks who listen to grand opera through a social register are still leagues away from the haunts of opera houses. So the season begun was specifically for the masses—grand opera at popular prices. In the announcements of the scheme earlier this season it has been referred to as "educational"; but that term has now been supplanted by the happier word, "preliminary." And on the opening night Oscar Hammerstein made a curt curtain speech in which he said he had employed the word "educational" because he hoped to educate the great public to the habit of attending operas during the regular season.

Reutlinger

MARGUERITE SYLVA AS CARMEN

This American soprano recently made her début at the Manhattan Opera House with signal success

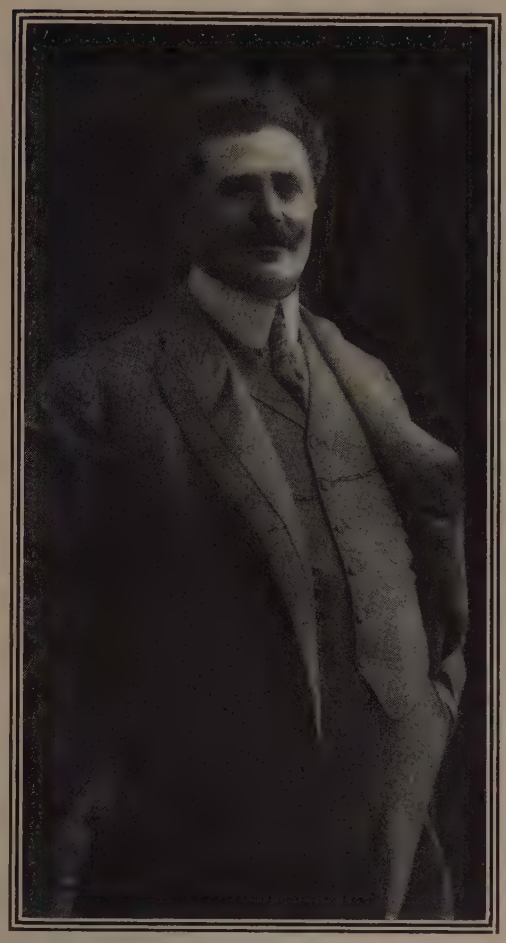
Well, it probably will — if it does not spoil them—for the performances are very good, and glimpsed through the scale of prices they are exceptional. A large company has been assembled, most of whom are newcomers, and several of which assembly will doubtless shine vocally later as stars in the five dollar opera. The orchestra is very good—being in a large part the regular opera orchestra of this opera house; and the same applies to the chorus. The scenery used is largely that of the regular season, the same stage manager presides, and the costumes are very effective.

Why should not the public flock to these performances? Answer: It does. There have been some overwhelmingly large houses; and the case-hardened operagoer has had to pinch himself to make sure that it was August instead of December—and at the same time he has had to bow in admiration to the manager who can, and does, so topsy turvy the operatic calendar of time.

The season opened with Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," a work that has been tossed into the dustbin years ago, so far as this country's opera stages are concerned. Its resurrection scarcely bred new admiration for the opera. Severe and stinging critics of Richard Strauss' music have contended that he would be hopelessly lost if compelled to write for the normal orchestra of to-day. Well, Meyerbeer would not be heard if the big bass drum were taken from him. Lest some erudite and leisure person take offense at this and go hunting through the Meyerbeer's scores counting drum and tympani beats, let it be explained that this is a figure of speech only. In other words, Meyerbeer without bombast would be lost to hearing. And "Le Prophète" is a noble example of bombastic pomp and tedium. Fortunately, the first night's audience was spared something, for the final act of the opera was daringly dropped, so that the performance concluded

long, long before breakfast time the next morning; and no one sighed for the act that was not heard.

But it was quite an interesting performance so far as principals were concerned. Chief among these was Margarita D'Alvarez, a French contralto, who displayed tremendous range of voice, clearness of diction and refinement of singing that were unusually good. She was the Fides, of course, and her operatic son, John of Leyden, was sung by Georges Lucas. This tenor was heard at the Metropolitan a few times, but he scarcely earned laurels there. On the more recent hearing, however, he displayed admirable musical intelligence and a great deal of temperament. He is a French tenor, and French tenors are rare as auk's eggs—so severe judgment should be held in abeyance. The Berthe was Mme. Walter-Villa, who sang prettily, while the Count was Laskin, of not pronouncedly wonderful voice. The three Anabaptists looked like professional mourners — as they always do in this opera — and they sang the lugubrious music with unction. Giuseppe Sturani conducted—he, who last season wielded the baton over the forces at the Philadelphia Opera House. He proved himself a good conductor, energetically alert for mass effects, and still discreetly cognizant of the value of sympathetic accompaniments. There was a lot of enthusiasm, curtain calls, the speech by Oscar Hammerstein above referred to, and the season of grand opera for the masses was spiritedly launched.



SIGNOR ZEROLA
Famous Italian tenor at the Academy of Music

On the second night Federico Carasa popped into actual hearing. Everybody who reads newspapers while he runs has read about this tenor, whose name sounds like Caruso if you pronounce it carelessly. The "penny-a-liners," you may be sure, have emphasized this accidental resemblance quite enough to arouse the public's interest. Whether it was that, or the fact that Verdi's "Aïda"—for that was the opera—is beloved by the masses, does not matter much. The auditorium was simply jammed. And the new tenor was hailed. He is a young man, has good stage presence, and is intelligent in his acting. His voice is promise-crammed. It is young and shows no sign of abuse, and its quality is pleasing. But, thus far at least, it is not large in volume, and it lacks a certain silvery ringing quality that the dear public so gladly bruises its palms in admiring. Still, no one can foretell what Carasa may do with what God has given him. That he is a "find" cannot be doubted, and he will bear careful watching.

In this cast there was a dramatic soprano, Alice Baron, who is distinctly an addition. She is a French woman, and has been more or less in the public prints of late. But she sings excellently. There is a fine, fresh charm in the sound of her voice—a feature that is so commonly lacking in dramatic sopranos to-day. Her voice is flexible, of big range and considerable force; in addition she has temperament and acts well.

An American, Henri Scott, sang the part of the High Priest, and proved that he had a very lovely voice, a basso cantante, that failed to stir the enthusiasts to shouts, but delighted the ears of the keener listeners.

But the real "find" of the ensemble was disclosed the following evening when "Carmen" was sung and when Marguerite Sylva appeared. She is not unknown to New Yorkers, for she trod the comic opera boards of the Casino and the Herald Square Theatre not so many years ago. But between kissing comic operetta good-bye and appearing in grand opera this little lady has done some hard and conscientious study. The result is that she is an exceptional Carmen to-day. She sings remarkably well, that is, with the rare show of musicianship in phrasing; her voice is pleasing in quality, and she acts the rôle most satisfyingly. All the old tricks of

Copyright Mishkin
MME. MARGUERITE D'ALVAREZ
(Manhattan Opera House)

ALICE BARON
French dramatic soprano, who recently appeared with great success at the Manhattan Opera House in the rôle of Aïda

Copyright Mishkin
MME. WALTER-VILLA
(Manhattan Opera House)

overacting so freely indulged in by—well, let us mention no names—are missing here. She has respect for Bizet and his "Carmen," and does not lure smiles from the audience by sensational by-play that has nothing to do with the character or the opera. It is an artistic interpretation. And, since Marguerite Sylva's name will be linked with "Carmen" in New York, why not rechristen her Carmen Sylva?

Let the rest of the performances, this far, be briefly touched upon. "La Traviata" and "Lucia" were chief in the list. And these brought out two new singers. One is Lalla Miranda, a coloratura of considerable skill and a certain prettiness of voice; and the other is Wilhelm Beck, a Hungarian baritone, who was very impressive because of the fine mellow quality of his voice and its nobility of character. He, too, will bear interesting watching.

WILHELM BECK
New Hungarian baritone at the Manhattan Opera House

Copyright Dupont
TERESA CARRENO
Famous woman pianist, who will be heard here again in concert

A brief summary: Here, then, Oscar Hammerstein has assembled some remarkable singers — Marguerite Sylva, Carasa, D'Alvarez, Alice Baron and Wilhelm Beck — five artists who are full of promise of bigger things. And these singers have been found at a time when the whole world seems to be crying forth for new, fresh voices and artistic intelligence. That preaches a little lesson, does it not?

In order that, for a nominal fee, the masses be allowed to acquire a severe attack of operatic gout, the Academy of Music has broken out in operatic song, too. There an Italian opera company is giving a season of popular-priced performances that are luring the Italians from out of all their strongholds. The productions are generally spirited in character, more attention being paid to mass effects than to refinement of detail. But they number a tenor among their forces who makes the welkin ring with silvery tones and makes his enthusiastic audiences yell themselves hoarse. He is Zerola, and his vocal resources sound endless. The opening opera was "Aïda," and here he found opportunities, one after the other, to draw "Brava" from the throats of his listeners. Adaberto was rather unsympathetic in voice, in the title rôle; and Miss Fox, an American soprano, known in Italy as Volpini, sang rather well as Amneris. The conductor, Jacchia, proved himself a good leader—he is a pupil of Mascagni. And the opera was put through its paces rather energetically.

So much for the present—now for a peep into the future. Oscar Hammerstein has made a preliminary announcement of his plans. They are to the effect that he is to open his season on November 15 with "Heroiade," an opera unknown on our stages. But the real feature among the new works will probably be Richard Strauss' "Elektra," the latest work of this music master of discord. His "Feuersnot" will also be produced at the Manhattan this Winter. The remaining novelties include "Griseldis," "Sapho," "Cendrillon," "The Violin Maker of Cremona," "Zaza" and "Natoma." The latter is the new American opera, now being written by Victor Herbert to a libretto by Joseph D. Redding, and it deals with an Indian subject. For the rest of the repertoire last season's works will be chosen from—"Pelleas et Melisande," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Salome" and the rest—and, furthermore, there will be the regular old favorites like "Faust," "Carmen," "Aïda," and the vehicles for the display of florid music.

FERRUCCIO BUSONI
Eminent Italian pianist, who appears here this season

As to the new singers, that list is not complete yet. Two artists are being engaged to create the title rôle of "Elektra" here—Carmen Melis and Mme. Mazarin. And a whole batch of old favorites are to return—Mary Garden, Renaud, Dufranne, Dalmores, Tetrazzini, Sammarco, Constantino and Gilibert.

Six new conductors are to come—De la Fuente, Anselmi,

(*Continued on p. viii*)

TINA LERNER
Brilliant young Russian pianist, who will again be heard here this season

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FRITZ KREISLER
The distinguished violinist, who will be heard at Carnegie Hall, October 23

ISADORA DUNCAN
Classic dancer, who will be seen in the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera House

Photo taken by Byron for the THEATRE MAGAZINE

"THE PLAYBILL RESTAURANT," CONTAINING THOUSANDS OF RARE THEATRICAL PORTRAITS AND POSTERS

A Theatrical Hall of Fame

FOR lovers of the quaint and curious in architecture, streets and human nature, old Greenwich Village holds more interest than almost any other section of New York. Here the ravages of the city's onrushing civilization are less apparent, and many picturesque nooks yet remain to claim the attention and charm the speculation of the passer-by. Among the most delectable of these landmarks of a bygone era is a little old eating-house on one of the streets bounding Jackson Square, known to its patrons variously as "the Playbill Restaurant," "the Mausoleum of Amusement Antiquities" and "the Professionals' Hall of Fame."

Walking up Greenwich Avenue from Eighth Avenue, one comes to this low, unassuming brick structure, the only marked peculiarities of which, as seen from the outside, are a few framed playbills of ancient date and the wax figure of an old-time negro minstrel that fill the windows. But upon opening the door, the visitor finds himself in a tiny room in which eight small black walnut dining tables struggle for supremacy with hundreds of playbills in narrow oak frames, daguerreotypes, photographs, lithographs and rare old steel engravings, picturing and telling of the stage favorites that convulsed our ancestors with their buffoonery or held them spellbound with their art in the days when Forty-second Street was a suburb of the Bowery.

The proprietor of the place is Charles H. Britting, a genial, whole-souled German-American, whose every line anl lineament bespeaks individuality, liberality and wit. He is a character whom Dickens would have appreciated. The building itself has been in use as a restaurant for over eighty-four years—from the time, in fact, when Greenwich was a separate and distinct settlement and the major portion of New York lay south of Wall Street. It is now thirty-nine years since Mr. Britting took charge of the present business. He began his collection of theatrical souvenirs several years previous to that time, his father being the owner of a restaurant catering especially to the "show" trade at New and Broad Streets in Newark, New Jersey, and young Britting having early formed the habit of saving the programs of the various minstrel and theatrical troupes which appeared in that city from week to week. Many of his friends on the stage took an interest in the boy's hobby, sending him bills from all over this country and also from England. To-day Mr. Britting's collection comprises more than 12,000 old American, English, Scotch and Irish programs and hangers, upwards of 8,000 rare portraits of stage celebrities and scenes from plays, several hundred valuable books of dramatic comment and biography, and thousands of autograph letters and personal mementos, including many old minstrel costumes, the skull of Joseph Jefferson's dog Schneider, presented to Mr. Britting

Byron

EXTERIOR OF "THE PLAYBILL RESTAURANT"

Moffett

WALKER WHITESIDE
Now appearing in Israel Zangwill's play "The Melting Pot"

by Jefferson himself, and a sword used on the stage by the slayer of Lincoln, John Wilkes Booth.

Mr. Britting takes great pride in his treasures, and can rarely be induced to part with any one of them, no matter how large the compensation offered. Those who are in a position to know, acknowedge that his collection is the finest and most complete of any now extant in the United States. The great bulk of it is stored away in trunks which tax the capacity of Mr. Britting's cellar and also occupy portions of the cellars in two adjoining houses. The net weight of the collection aggregates several tons. It has been estimated that if all the playbills and pictures contained in it were framed and hung, they would appropriate the wall space now taken up by the paintings in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. But in spite of the magnitude of his collection, Mr. Britting knows the history of every time-stained print and program and the story of every personal relic. His keenest pleasure after work hours is to go over his possessions with a few old professional cronies, and the anecdotes and reminiscences which are then called forth in a few short hours are worth months of current Broadway chatter. Several of the veterans from the Actors' Home at West Brighton, Staten Island, are frequent visitors at the restaurant.

Recently the final curtain has been rung down on many of Mr. Britting's habitual guests and closest friends, but in former years one could rarely enter his place after midday without finding some famous exponents of minstrelsy and the legitimate drama. Here would often gather George Christy, founder of Christy's famous minstrels, "Uncle" Ben Cotton, well known for half a century as end-man and impersonator of serious negro characters, Al Emmett Fostelle, the original of our Dutch comedians, John B. Studley, for many years leading man for Mary Anderson, William Henry Rice, "the burlesque prima donna," Charles E. Dobson, who still rejoices in the title of King of American Banjo Players, "Daddy" Rice, the creator of "Jim Crow," in whose company Joseph Jefferson made his first hit; M. Ainsley Scott, a leading man in classic rôles, whose name appears on many of the programs in Mr. Britting's possession published previous to 1850, Tony Pastor, Acton E. Kelly, organizer of the first white-faced Hibernian minstrel troupe, Charley Bachus, Dave Wambold, Billy Birch, Lew Simmons and other idols of past generations. Joseph Jefferson occasionally dropped in of an afternoon, and while his beefsteak was being prepared he would sit and exchange observations with the jolly proprietor. Several of the celebrities just mentioned are still alive and taking an active part in life. Mr. Scott, although eighty-six years of age, is now touring the large cities of Canada in vaudeville. He is the oldest American actor on the stage, and retains the vigor and physique of a man of fifty.

Among the most interesting of Mr. Britting's souvenirs are a number of circus programs which, in several instances, antedate the War of 1812. From them can be gleaned the names and professional biographies of the famous talking clowns who jiggled the diaphrams of that day with their quips and witticisms, many of which are still doing duty in the repertoires of modern laugh-provokers. The most popular of these early sawdust jesters were Jem Meyers, Joe Pentland, Dan Rice, John Foster, Dan Gardner, Billy Burke, father of the Billy Burke whom we all know, and the late lamented Tony Pastor, whose name appears on the bills announcing Nixon and Aymar's Circus at the Chatham Amphitheatre, November, 1859. The last engagement of George L. Fox, one of the greatest of old-time Marcelines, is advertised on another program for Booth's Twenty-third Street Theatre, dated 1874.

The oldest playbill which Mr. Britting at present possesses is printed in antique English and runs thus:

DRURY LANE THEATRE
Their Majefties Servants will Act the Comedy of the Rivals.
Sir Anthony Abfolute.....Mr. Dowton
Captain Abfolute.....Mr. Barrymore
After which the Farce of Two Strings To Your Bow,
To which will be added (for the 16th time) the Harlequin's Fire-Side.
Punch.....Grimaldi
The doors will be opened at half-past five and begin at half-past six.
VIVANT REX ET REGINA

There are several other bills from the Drury Lane Theatre more than a century old, and others, equally interesting, from the Covent Garden, as well as a pass to the Theatre Royal, signed by William Core Elliston and dated 1826. The Scotch and Irish playbills of the same era also offer a potpourri of delight to the theatrical antiquarian. Mr. Britting possesses complete, unbroken sets of programs from most of the old-time New York theatres from their opening nights and files of minstrel show-bills dating from the time that form of entertainment was inaugurated in

Otto Sarony Co. NINA MORRIS
Plays the fascinating French shopkeeper in "The Florist Shop" at the Liberty

Otto Sarony Co. VALLI VALLI
Will be seen in "The Dollar Princess" at the Knickerbocker

Sykes, Chicago ELEANOR KENT
Will play Piola in one of the road companies of "King Dodo"

this country. The old Bowery Theatre, then known as the "American," is represented by programs dated as early as August 3, 1833, when lower Third Avenue and the district now given over to "Chinatown," was the haunt of wealth and fashion. The collection contains many other bills from this house, the most noteworthy of which are those announcing Edwin Forrest as the Indian chief in "Matamora" in 1851, Mrs. T. S. Hamblin in "Jack Sheppard" in 1854, Kate Fisher in "Mazeppa—the Grand Spectacle in Three Acts, founded on Lord Byron's popular poem," and Buffalo Bill, then at the beginning of his career as a public entertainer in "The Red Right Hand" in 1877.

Mention having been made of both Joseph Jefferson and "Mazeppa," one is amused to find their names linked on a program of the Winter Garden for May 13, 1861.

MAZEPPA; OR, THE FIERY, UNTAMED ROCKING HORSE

Mazeppa, alias Cassimer, a Page of Mystery, an ambitious, lowering and aspiring boy, with a soul far above his buttons..Mr. Joseph Jefferson
Laurinska.....Mrs. J. H. Stoddart

Playbills advertising the first performances of "Jack of the Woods," "Queen of the Air," "The Idiot Witness," "Nobody's Child," "The Black Crook," "Divorce," and "The American Cousin" recall the days of the old downtown playhouses, when the Olympic, on Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker Streets, was a high-class theatre, as were Harrigan and Hart's, a little further north, Laura Keene's, at No. 624 Broadway, the Worrell Sisters' New York Theatre at Nos. 728 and 730 Broadway, and the Fourteenth Street Theatre, also controlled for some time by Laura Keene. Still further uptown, at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-second Street, was the Park Theatre, of which not a vestige now remains. It was in this house that A. Oakey Hall, former Mayor of New York, created somewhat of a sensation by appearing, shortly after the expiration of his term of office, as Wilmot Keirton, one of the leading characters in "The Crucible," a lurid but "highly successful Melo-Drama." In 1859 Mr. and Mrs. Henry Drayton, co-stars in various "parlor operas," advertised their theatre at No. 718 Broadway as "The Home of English Buffo Opera and Lyric Drama." Having graduated from the sawdust ring in 1867 Tony Pastor had his "opera house" at No. 201 Bowery. He naively set forth in scarehead type on his programs the following list of souvenirs to be distributed: "Sixty hams on Monday evenings, nineteen barrels of flour on Wednesdays, orders for ten tons of coal on Fridays." Three years later, on April 14, 1870, the building now known as Tammany Hall celebrated its "Grand Opening Night" as "The Alhambra Palace of America." Indeed, a lengthy article might be written on this subject of the growth and

(*Continued on page x*)

White EDMUND BREESE
To be presented as a star by Henry B. Harris in a new play called "The Earth," by James Bernard Fagin

Beerbohm Tree — Actor and Man

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE

MY first meeting with Mr. Beerbohm Tree — he was not Sir Herbert then—occurred during the run of "The School for Scandal" at His Majesty's Theatre. I had seen the actor in his professional capacity during his visit to New York twelve years ago, and the memory was of a singularly proficient and interesting actor, who, if he did not entirely satisfy my ideals of certain Shakespearean rôles, was none the less an artist of remarkable variety and skill. Time has no doubt mellowed and ripened him, but some, at least, of the mistakes that were made in judging him at that time may be set down to a narrow point of view. For Mr. Tree has been an innovator in many senses, and nothing is more quickly resented in the theatre than departures from tradition. Qualities that most arrest attention to-day, because they exhibit a capacity for thinking on original lines instead of slavishly following a set pattern, were less appreciated in a theatre where there was but one law to follow, and that the law of reverenced custom.

The actor was just returning to his dressing-room. He was still in the costume of Sir Peter, but as he removed his wig he revealed to view a broad, expansive forehead, reaching upward over luminous gray-blue eyes, which changed as he spoke from a dreamy softness to a quick, flashing incandescence that revealed the quick-working brain behind them. A man who leaves a distinct taste on the mental palate, neither sweet nor satisfying, but rather of the quality, if one may say so, of sage and pungent herbs—thus he has been described by one of the most appreciative and fair-minded of his biographers. Mr. Tree has been called a rapt dreamer, a man with his head in the clouds, far above all mundane things; often, too, he has been dismissed with the stigma of commercialism. But to the last charge the best answer has been found in the prodigality of his investments in ventures which surely entailed a risk; he has poured the profits of one production into the next and again and again tempted fate and failure.

After studying the man and his work, it might be said that something which makes a compromise of the two varying opinions would best describe him. No man could have attained his success without possessing a certain strain of business astuteness; at the same time no man could approximate to Mr. Tree's artistic stature as actor and producer whose ideals were wholly material or who had never soared a little above the practical affairs of earth. Essentially a man of the world, in that meaning of the phrase which describes one who has weathered a variety of experiences, he gave the impression of a man who was in no sense unconscious of his own importance, one who, while singularly sensitive to the praise or blame of others, was still fortified by study and research in holding opinions of his own. And it is seldom one's good fortune to witness such a scene in the theatre as that which occurred the evening of the day on which the British public first learned that his name was included among the list of the King's birthday honors.

The bill was "Twelfth Night," with Mr. Tree in the rôle of Malvolio, generally regarded as one of his most striking Shakespearean characters, and a bit of added sentiment resulted from the fact that his daughter Viola was then making her début as Viola. Mr. Tree's entrance was made from a high platform at the rear of the stage, and as he passed down a long flight of steps the audience arose as one man, while for fully five minutes the theatre resounded with cheers and bravos. The actor, meanwhile, gone white under his make-up, had clearly lost command of himself. The tall staff which he carried swayed to and fro as he endeavored to regain his composure, and there was no mistaking the genuineness of his emotion, scarcely relieved throughout the performance, and culminating in one of the worst cases of stage-fright ever seen when, at the conclusion of the play, the actor came forward to voice his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him.

BEERBOHM TREE AS MALVOLIO

The present writer saw him immediately after the curtain fell, endeavoring to make his way through a circle of friends who had come to bring their congratulations in person, with his wife on one side, his daughter on the other, and at that moment it would have been easy to believe the most exaggerated story of his absent-mindedness. And not a few stories are told to illustrate this trait. One day he took a cab and gave the driver the address. Throughout the journey to the home of a well-known woman whose afternoon tea-hour was to be distinguished by his presence, he was reading letters. When the house was reached he alighted, still reading, and knocked at the door. When the door was opened, Tree looked abstractedly and said to the astonished servant, "Come in, come in." Still reading, he re-entered the cab and returned to the theatre, entirely oblivious of the fact that he had not accomplished the purpose on which he had originally set out. But though it is probable that at times he is so far obsessed by the momentary interest—as, for instance, the new play that he is doing, the new rôle he is studying, or the new departure in a managerial line that he is contemplating, one would imagine that his more general mental condition was one of extreme alertness, of quick and daring judgment, and of ready decision—a man, in other words, in whom the dreamer and the practical man of action are peculiarly blended.

His humor is irresistible, and to his associates he is known as one of the greatest practical jokers on the stage. On one occasion when he was playing Fagan, Miss Constance Collier, the Nancy Sykes, was horrified to discover that he had made his entrance wearing a new and shiny pair of boots, on which the price tags were still in evidence. Under her breath she remonstrated, only to be met with the seemingly serious assurance, "It's all right — why shouldn't Fagan wear them like that—the artful dodger has just stolen them from a shop."

BEERBOHM TREE AS MARC ANTONY

Copyright London Stereoscopic Co.

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE AS ULYSSES

White

LOUIS JAMES
As Cardinal Wolsey in "Henry VIII"

White

APHIE JAMES
As Queen Katherine in "Henry VIII"

audience out in front than to the astonished actress.

His wit is proverbial, and, as occasionally happens, it has done good service in the defense of others as well as himself. At a supper table a thoughtless youth made an unkind allusion to one of the persons present. "Why not palliate the pangs of conversational vivisection with the chloroform of courtesy," whispered the actor, then adding, by way of healing balm, "You know one is allowed to think, but not aloud."

If he is quick to detect the weakness of others he is no less ready to see the point of a joke on himself. An Irish gentleman called to see him behind the scenes after a performance of "Twelfth Night."

"The old gentleman was delighted with the performance," said the actor, "and he couldn't find words to express all of his delight. Of course, all the time I was waiting to hear something about my individual part of it, but he rattled on: 'The whole thing was gorgeous — it exuded the very spirit of Shakespeare. Oh! and the scenery was grand — and Mr. Brough — well, Mr. Brough couldn't have been better.'

"Now, I thought, he surely must get to me. But no—'Miss Brayton—ah! Miss Brayton, now—she was indade splendid!'—and so on through the category. Everybody in the cast and everything about the production was praised and I was still waiting to hear a word about myself. Then, as I started to show him down the passage-way, he stopped suddenly and turned to me with, 'Oh, by the way, Mr. Tree, there's one thing I forgot to mention.'

"Now, thought I, it's surely coming, and I waited.

"'I read that article of yours in the *Nineteenth Century* the other day,' he said, 'and I've been wanting to tell you—you made a mistake in your profession—you ought to have been a journalist.'" Mr. Tree tells this amusing story with all the good nature imaginable.

FLORENCE WICKHAM AS AMNERIS
Young American contralto, who comes to the Metropolitan next season from many successes in Germany

Some of his retorts are famous. Once he was discussing a certain point with a critic who took issue with him on the ground that he was arguing in circles.

"Quite so," said Tree, "I am above you. I am like the eagle—I always circle before I swoop."

"Do not give the public what they want," he said on another occasion. "Give them what you want them to want, and in time they will come to want it."

Naturally, a man with a doctrine of this sort has not found his way entirely unharrassed, sometimes with criticism that was obviously intended to be fair, and not infrequently of the sort that had a motive behind it. "Some day," he said once, "I shall be able to retire on the blackmail I have never paid." A man not easily deceived, you may be sure, and yet one whose effort has meant so much to him that he will welcome appreciation even where its value may be discounted by a realizing sense of his own superior knowledge.

Mr. Tree, of course, has paid the price of his innovations. He has been reviled, if not so often as praised, at any rate often enough, to show a

healthy difference of opinion on the part of his critics. Later acquaintance with his art made during his recent Shakespeare season at His Majesty's has only served to deepen respect and admiration for what he has accomplished. We are so used to one-part actors in America, or to those who, though they play many parts, play them alike, that it seems almost miraculous to come face to face suddenly with an actor who can change not only his disguises, but who can make voice and figure and speech conform to each new character. It would be an exaggeration to say that his Hamlet is completely satisfying—something of the idealism of the rôle, of its passionate melancholy and deep and noble tenderness—was lacking. It is a Hamlet, one would imagine, which falls nearer in actual outline and performance to that of Charles Fechter than that of any of the more modern actors of the rôles, one that is imbued with a fervid sentimentality and a noble tenderness, pathetic to the point of tears at times, and yet never quite fulfilling the complete poetic ideal. But let it be understood at once that though this Hamlet may lack certain qualities that we assume to be essentials, it is still most interesting; and illuminative, too, in the sense of broadening the vision on the figure which has become somewhat narrowed by the traditional method of treatment which Shakespeare's characters almost invariably receive.

Mr. Tree's Hamlet is not the smooth-faced dreamer. He is blond, bearded, lithe and active, volcanic almost in his moments of excitement, as in the scene of the play before the King, and yet exquisitely tender in the earlier scenes with Ophelia, and in the closet scene. And if his highest meed of praise for his interpretation of this rôle must be withheld from him, it is only fair to add that, taken in consideration with the varied quality of his repertoire, it is still an astonishing achievement.

In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the Mr. Tree of "Hamlet" has disappeared completely. Instead, you have a man grown fat and blunt on much good living. The liquor oozes through his voice, which is thick and vinous, which has a way of gurgling up from seemingly cavernous depths, and issuing forth with a bubbling richness like good red liquor from a cask. From the quick, alert, active figure of the Prince to this slow, lumbering mon-

Photos Hall John LeBaron, Jr. (Arthur Byron) Benson (Geo. G. Roberts)
Act II. John LeBaron, Jr.: "I'm going into the game. Send this message!"

Rebecca Love (Oza Waldorp) Peter (William Rosell)
Act IV. Peter repeats his marriage proposal

SCENES IN OLIVE PORTER'S PLAY "THE RINGMASTER" AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

ument of flesh, is a transition in make-up alone that is remarkable, and yet there is seemingly a complete identity of the mental with the physical aspect. Though there has been a vestige of Mr. Tree in his Hamlet, as there is always something of the man himself in every Hamlet, here the individual personality is completely lost in the character he assumes.

One of the things that has stood between this actor and the appreciation of those people whose knowledge of the art of acting is less than their responsiveness to an appealing personality, is his voice, an organ of limited tones and somewhat lacking in pliability and variety. In "Falstaff," the natural voice is completely disguised, one of the few instances in which an actor has been able to actually avoid giving of himself in this particular.

As Sir Peter Teazle in the beautiful revival of Sheridan's comedy, which had all the attractiveness of a new work for the patrons of His Majesty's, the actor again defied tradition, making Sir Peter a man still in the prime of middle life, a liberty which, though it might lack the sanction of some students, has the effect of adding plausibility to the happy ending of the comedy. For it is inconceivable that Lady Teazle should have long continued in the amiable relationship which the last scene of the comedy fore-

A NEW PORTRAIT OF MME. LINA CAVALIERI, THE WELL-KNOWN PRIMA DONNA

Mme. Cavalieri, one of the most beautiful women on the operatic stage, was originally a worker in a cigarette factory in Italy. She first appeared in London at the Empire Theatre and afterwards made an enormous success in opera at Covent Garden. She possesses some of the most magnificent jewelry in the world. The last two seasons she appeared at the Metropolitan Opera House, this city

shadows with a Sir Peter of the doddering pattern ordinarily represented.

Mr. Tree's arrangement of the forum scene in "Julius Caesar" is admirably conceived. In this play his choice of rôles is Marc Antony. Instead of the familiar scene of the bier well down stage, over which Marc Antony stands while the mob divides in the middle that he may be properly observed during his recital, the stage at His Majesty's is one surging mass of men and women, now listening intently, now moving to and fro, now gesticulating, while Marc Antony addresses them from a rostrum built high upon the stage. Below lies the body of Caesar in state. At the words, "My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar, and I must pause till it comes back to me," ordinarily followed by an unnatural pause during which the citizens speak the lines set down for them in the text, the actor in this case draws his toga about his face and retires up to the back of the rostrum, seemingly overcome as his words would indicate. The scene thus gains wonderfully in naturalness and impressiveness. Then the actor, becoming once more impassioned, comes down from the rostrum, addresses his hearers man to man, turning from one to another, and, mounting the base of a broken marble pedestal, delivers the ringing finale to the act, "Now let it work, mischief thou art afoot, take what course thou wilt," while the mob noisily disperses vowing vengeance on the "murderers" of Caesar.

It would be unfair to an artist of his importance to deal in a generalization, placing the seal of complete approval on everything that he does. He occasionally blunders in his concession to popular taste, as, for example, in the employment of a full orchestra for the accompaniment of songs in "Twelfth Night." In the reading of Malvolio's line, "Jove, I thank thee," his use of a tone and manner reminiscent of a certain famous historic "Mich und Gott" incident, is truly a barbarous concession to the easy laughers — the one blot on a superb characterization. But in contrast with these small details, the vastness of his effort, the variety of his rôles, the number of his productions, and the generally high level on which both his individual characterizations and his general performances have been maintained must be considered.

ADOLPH KLAUBER.

Your Mimes

"He who struts his hour upon the stage
Can scarce protract his fame through half an age."
—*David Garrick.*

We are your mimes; our task to dance your pleasure,
Putting a face of joy on old and new;
To frame for all your moods a fresher measure,
Begging your grace to hear the movement through.
Our griefs may call us ere we leave the stage;
So you be glad; we shall not mind their rage.

We are your mimes; our task to make you tremble
With passions of a Caesar or a Lear,
To be too briefly all that we dissemble,
And then to pass beyond a thought or tear.
We have our joys, but lightly let them go,
So you be glad with what our pains can show.

We are your mimes; our task to thrill before you
With sympathies you give us or withhold,
To be the ministrants that shall restore you
The glories that shall make your hopes more bold.
We shall not care for titles, gold, or lands,
So you be glad with brave, applauding hands.

LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH.

Scenes in "Arsene Lupin" at the Lyceum Theatre

Photos Hall Sonia (Doris Keane) Duke of Charmerace (William Courtenay)

ACT I. DUKE OF CHARMERACE: "YOU POOR LITTLE GIRL"

Duke of Charmerace (William Courtenay) Guerchard (Sidney Herbert)

ACT III. GUERCHARD: "YOU ARE ARSENE LUPIN!"

Duke of Charmerace (William Courtenay) Sonia (Doris Keane) Guerchard (Sidney Herbert)

ACT IV. ARSENE LUPIN CAUGHT AT LAST!

Photo Byron, N. Y.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN PLAYWRIGHT. LIBRARY IN THE RESIDENCE OF MARTHA MORTON, NEAR RIVERSIDE DRIVE

A Chat with the Dean of America's Women Playwrights

(INTERVIEWS WITH AUTHORS No. 13)

"MADAME, I kiss your hand," the cracked voice of a mimic old man flung from the stage.

"Sleeping or waking, always on the watch!" this in deep, tragic notes from Arthur Byron in the lobby.

The Hudson Theatre was the scene of confused industry. It was a chaos of conflicting energies. In the lobby a company was rehearsing the drama "On the Eve." On the stage another company was putting "The Noble Spaniard" into form for an early production. In one of the linen-shrouded orchestra seats sat a slim, dark-eyed woman in black and white muslin frock. While speeches from one play bombarded her from the rear, and lines from the other assailed her in front, she sat as calmly smiling as though she had, by gracious permission of the doorkeeper, paid a casual visit to the theatre and lent an indifferent ear to a duo of rehearsals.

Yet she was the author of "On the Eve," a powerful drama of social and political conditions in Russia, adapted from the German play by Leopold Kampf. She had written her play. She was directing its rehearsals. No detail, from the opening line of the play to its first night production, but has had her close personal supervision.

"Sitting in one's room and writing the play is a small part of the work," said America's pioneer woman playwright. "If one can't choose a cast and furnish the stage, and make up the players and dress them, too, she had better stay out of this business."

Instantly came corroboration of this laughing statement. Frank Reicher, long stage director for E. H. Sothern, and afterwards for Julia Marlowe, came with a bow, saying:

"Mr. Byron thinks if this speech ended here——"

Miss Morton displayed here the excellent quality of decisiveness. A glance at the line, and she said:

"Yes, that's a good cut—make it."

From some dim corner of the theatre appeared a young man, florid-faced, anxious—the scene painter.

"Just a moment, Miss Morton. I want to ask you about the window."

"Yes, we will have the window," returned Miss Morton with that lack of hesitancy which denotes generalship. And before the interview had been snatched from between the jaws of two rehearsals, the last of her statement was also verified. An actor came up, with dolorous countenance.

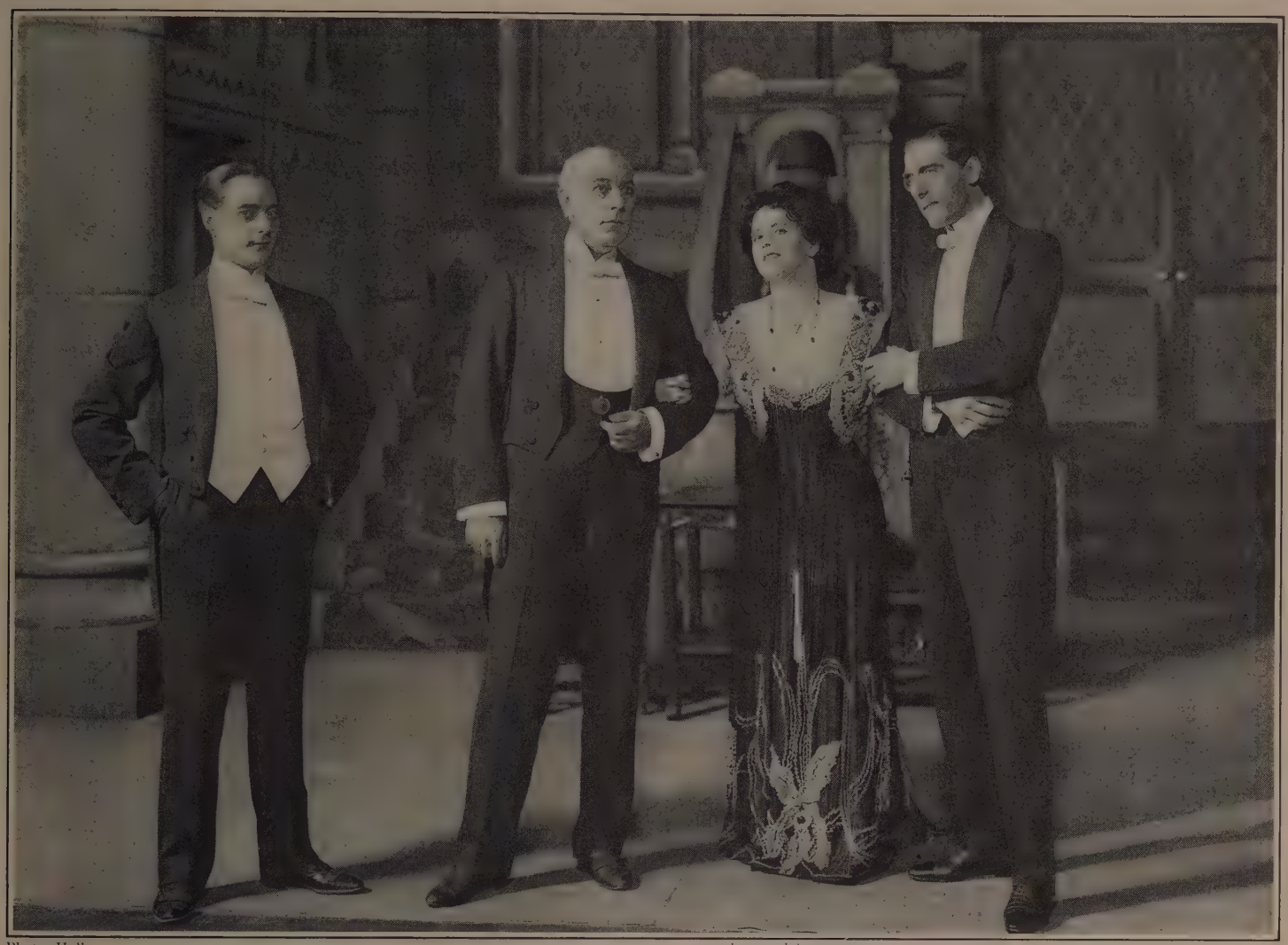
"Miss Morton, I'm having a lot of trouble about the boots."

"Mr. Fletcher will bring prints this afternoon. You will see pictures of just the right sort of boots." Comforted, the anxious actor departed.

Byron

MARTHA MORTON
Adaptor of "On the Eve"

Scenes in "Detective Sparkes" at the Garrick Theatre



Photos Hall

Alick Forbes (Edwin Nicander) Lord Axminster (Frank Burbeck) Athole (Hattie Williams) Fred. Coleridge (Julian Royce)

ACT II. ATHOLE: "I REALLY AM NERVOUS"

Fred. Coleridge (Julian Royce) Athole Forbes (Hattie Williams)

ACT IV. ATHOLE: "BUT I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO NOW"

Inspector Borough (Louis Massen) Athole (Hattie Williams)

ACT IV. ATHOLE: "I AM INNOCENT!"

From the lobby came a voice, low-pitched, deep, with rich, passionate notes. A tall girl in lavender frock had taken the centre of the assumed stage.

"I cannot, I cannot," she was saying. That was all, but her arms held tightly at her sides, her clenched hands, the storm eclipsing the classic beauty of her face, seized and held vagrant attention. I said something about a "compelling magnetism."

"Yes," assented Martha Morton. Into her brown eyes leaped flames from the banked fires of her enthusiasm. "If I hadn't had her I would not have known where to get anyone to play the part. I saw her two years ago in Germany. Two years make a great difference, when one is as young as she is. Then she was a tall, thin, awkward young girl. But she played a part so well that I recognized her power even then. I believe that Hedwig Reicher is a second Duse."

"On the Eve" will introduce a strong new element in the drama. It will show the part women are playing in the greatest of national problems, the problem of Russia in the throes of revolution. Anna, a girl born of the higher class, goes among the lower, seeking to help solve the problem, the death conflict of the classes. Miss Morton had this to say of her heroine, and of women in general:

"Anna, the character that Miss Reicher plays, is an emblem of the womanhood of to-day. Womanhood is a tragedy to-day. Woman is the tragic element in the social body. She is not the old woman of yesterday nor the new woman of to-morrow. Men have solved their problem. Women have theirs to solve. Woman has come to a time of growth out of the squaw stage of development. This is a time of laying aside the trinkets and removing the rouge, and putting in abeyance the arts which she has used to fascinate men. She has come to see that that is only an incident. The next play I shall write will be one about suffrage for women. It is the one thing that American women need, because it will furnish them a balance. They have been so loved and petted and sheltered that they have lacked what suffrage will give them, a sense of responsibility. Woman is going out into the world and helping to do the world's work, and adapting herself to the new condition hurts. In playwriting, for instance, something happens that hurts us. We go home and brood about it, when men go out and take a drink and forget it."

Moffett, Chicago

EDNA WALLACE HOPPER

Who is about to appear in a new play by George M. Cohan called "The Harrigan Girl"

Miss Morton, who in private life is Mrs. Herman Conheim, was the first in this country to win recognition as a woman who could write successful plays. The men playwrights were unwilling to admit women to membership in their Dramatists' Club, so Miss Morton organized the women dramatists under the name "Society of American Authors." Soon the new society comprised forty active playwrights, and so strong an organization did it become that before long it received an invitation from the men dramatists to join them and consolidate in a new body to be known as "The Society of American Dramatists and Composers," with Augustus Thomas as president and Miss Morton as vice-president.

The mistress of a beautiful home near Riverside Drive, a leader in local philanthropic work, because the large humanitarianism in her is a constantly vibrant chord, a student of Nietsche and the other modern philosophers, a brilliant figure in a coterie of intellectuals, Martha Morton is one of those whose lives have as many interests as a fine mosaic has shapes and colors. She is also the warm friend of woman, woman not merely in the abstract, as is the habit with humanitarians of the intellectual type, but the woman who is at the moment beside her. We talked of women of all sorts, the cared-for woman secure in the well-guarded haven of her home, the uncared-for woman guiding her ship through the mid-ocean of life, with her courage for rudder, her talents for sail, her energy for anchor against storms. We talked of the women in "On the Eve." She said: "There is a class of women in Russia, patriot women, who every morning prepare their bodies as though for burial. 'We must wear our daintiest muslins and laces,' they say, 'for this day may be our last.' That shows in what turbulent conditions they live. The chief woman figure in 'On the Eve,' symbolizes the woman of to-day, the universal woman seeking her work and finding it."

"We have finished this scene." There was silence in the lobby. From the stage a Titian-haired ingenue was singing a ballad. Mr. Reicher stood before the author, waiting

White

FLORENCE REID

Appearing as Treszka in "The Gay Hussars"

Sarony

RUTH ROSE

Appearing in stock in the West

for further orders. Miss Morton left the shrouded orchestra seat, and took command of a new scene in the lobby.

"Now the brutality of man comes out." She is speaking to Arthur Byron. "She is the last person on earth. The only one you can trust. Seize her in a way to denote that." Instantly Mr. Byron's powerful arms were about his stage-wife's shoulders in a bear-like embrace.

"I would grasp her hand a little lower down, with a suggestion of tenderness beside the force." Miss Morton's gentle suggestion was adopted.

"And you," she turned to the stage-wife of the Russian tyrant. So engrossed did the trio become in the intimate directions that their shoulders met in a serried line.

"Yes, thank you, I see what you mean." Mr. Byron began the scene again. And so she guided it through the mass of passion, of fear, of tragedy to the dénouement.

Then comes a light scene. "Enter the girls." Three maidens enter laughing. Again Mr. Reicher assumes command. Miss Morton resumes her seat in the orchestra.

"There are seven to eight hundred thousand Russians in this country, and nearly a hundred thousand of them in New York City," she said. "Who knows what a factor they will be in this country, having come from a land of sorrow, and bringing their sorrows with them."

I asked Miss Morton how she acquired her knowledge of Russian conditions as she revealed it in "On the Eve."

"I have traveled in Russia," she answered, "although travel will not give more than a superficial view of a country's conditions. My brother-in-law was a member of the Duma. From him I learned of things as they are."

Remembering that "The Movers," her other play, revived this season, is in many essentials an exact picture of a condition of society, I asked its author whether she catalogued her plays with those of the realists.

"In the broad sense of realism, as giving a real picture of life, I think I am a realist," she returned. "But realism is commonly looked upon as a synonym for ugliness. In that sense I am not a realist. There is a great deal in life beside its ugliness, I see much beauty and sunshine in it, and these I try to show. Perhaps I represent the realism that hopes, the realism of optimism."

Miss Morton's eyes brightened. "America furnishes the best play material in the world. In the next fifty years I expect that America will lead the drama of the world."

"And England?"

"English drama will reflect British life. It will always have a national drama. Germany will be interested in our plays. France will like them. It is because American plays have not truthfully reflected American life that Europe has not liked them."

Of course, I raised the glib question of the "universal play." "There is no universal drama," returned the author. "'On the Eve' is not a universal drama. It portrays the universal emotion at play in the battle for freedom, but the characters are Russian, the locale is Russian. They think and speak as Russians do. Ibsen's plays seemed to be universal, because they were so true to the life he knew. A little corner of Sweden he reproduced with perfect fidelity, but the characters and the life were those of Sweden.

"America will be the theatre of great conflicts. The influx, too, of foreign peoples to this country, the attrition and adjustment of their natures and traditions to ours and their intermarriage with us will bring a clash of wills and a conflict of understanding, to picture which, without embellishment or fancy, will make great drama. The drama is growing better. The taste of the public is improving."

"You see indications of this?"

"Indeed I do."

"What are the signs?"

"It is supporting serious plays. Once we got our serious plays from Europe. Our own successes were our comedies. Then

"NELL" (MABEL TALIAFERRO)

This favorite actress will appear shortly in a new play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson entitled "Springtime." Owing to the uncertainty as to the correct pronunciation of her name, Miss Taliaferro has decided to call herself in future just plain "Nell," and so henceforth she will be known to the theatregoing public

Moffett, Chicago

MAY DE SOUZA

Well-known prima donna, who will appear this season in a new musical comedy by Victor Herbert

came Charles Klein with his serious plays, and the public showed its interest in the most practical manner. It made necessary four 'The Lion and the Mouse' companies. What it is beginning to want is the thoughtful play that also entertains."

"And the musical comedy as we know it?"

"That is chiefly a question of temperature. No one can sit through a serious play in hot weather. What we most need is a theatre where the cost of a production will not be the central consideration about which everything revolves. A People's Theatre! The New Theatre is aiming at this, but it is a theatre that will entertain the wealthy. We should have a people's theatre where the frame counts for little but the picture for everything.

"There are many elements that go to make up a play's success. A play does not succeed alone on its merits. If its setting required great expense, if there are not several other plays of the same class in competition with it, it may succeed. There is another element, patience. There must be time for the public to become familiar with the fact that there is such a play in town. It has been the history of many plays, especially some of the great English successes, that for weeks they gave, so far as the patronage of the public was concerned, every evidence of failure. For two months 'The Sign of the Cross' seemed doomed.

"I have always written. I wrote when a child; I could not help it. It was foreordained by heredity that I should write. The Morton who wrote 'Box and Cox' was an ancestor of mine. My mother was an ardent student of Shakespeare. She had memorized most of his plays. She transmitted to me her taste for play-reading. My brother, Michael Morton, is the author of 'Detective Sparkes.' He has done other good work, and will do more. Alfred Sutro is a member of our family. Edward Arthur Morton, the English critic, and author of the book of 'The Merry Widow,' 'San Toy' and 'The Geisha,' is a cousin.

"The first writing I remember began, in my mind, in the form of a story. But as I thought of it and tried to paint a mental background for the story, the characters began to speak. I wrote their words, and the story finally assumed dialogue form. I showed it to my mother, and she asked me to send it to a magazine. The magazine accepted it and sent me twenty-five dollars.

"After that I wrote stories for magazines. I had read a great deal from the French, and that style of expression colored my work. I sent some specimen stories of mine to Edward Arthur Morton. He wrote me, 'Throw away that French trash. Look at the life about you and write of that.' I did.

"Knowing the merchant's life, its ups and downs, I put the ups and downs into a play. The *World* was then holding a prize play contest. I sent the paper my play, 'The Merchant.' A manager read it and paid me five thousand dollars for the play. I was eighteen. I have been writing plays ever since, and all of my plays have made money. I wrote 'The Triumph of Love,' which won THE THEATRE MAGAZINE's play contest. It was produced at a special matinée and, notwithstanding what the critics said of it, it was one of my best plays. I expect to see it produced and to have a successful run in the future. Then came 'The Movers,' which has been revived. Then 'On the Eve.'" A. P.

Scenes in "The Dollar Mark" at Wallack's Theatre

Mrs. Chandler (Selene Johnson) Wallace Chandler (Brinsley Shaw)
ACT II. WALLACE CHANDLER: "IT IS FOR YOU—FOR YOU!"

James Gresham (Robert Warwick) Arthur Baylis (Hassard Short)
ACT III. GRESHAM: "STOP THAT NONSENSE!"

Photos White

James Gresham (Robert Warwick)
ACT IV. GRESHAM: "YOU KNOW YOU ARE LYING!"

EXTERIOR OF THE JEWISH THEATRE, TORONTO

SOME OF THE ACTORS AT THE JEWISH THEATRE

One of the most curious theatres in existence is the little Jewish playhouse at Toronto, the only Hebraic showplace in the Dominion. It was originally a church, and unlike most theatres the management prefers to restrict attendance to Jews only. The programs of the play are in both English and Hebrew, and the plays usually given in Hebrew, as there are about 10,000 Jews in the city from which to draw patronage

A New Yiddish Dramatist Coming Here

THE seeker for poetic values in strange and remote by-paths of the drama will be interested in the work of the Yiddish author, Scholom Asch, who is to accompany the Yiddish poet, Judah Loeb Perez, on his American tour in the Fall.

Scholom Asch is a native of Galicia, who came into prominence some three years ago when the publisher in Berlin, who stands sponsor for whatever is ultra-modern or presents any unusual features in German letters, published his drama, "Der Gott der Rache"—The God of Vengeance. A very remarkable achievement in itself, it has been far surpassed by his "Sabbatai Zewi," also published by S. Fischer, the tragedy of one of the dreamers of the ghetto so impressively portrayed by Zangwill.

Sabbatai Zewi is a religious reformer, who appears among the Jews in the second half of the seventeenth century, and is hailed as Messiah. With sovereign disregard for the wife, wedded to him according to the customs of his race, the visionary goes forth in quest of the bride promised to him, and finally choses Thora, vowing solemnly to have no other bride or sister. At this moment a woman appears in royal wedding garments, visionary like himself, going about at the head of a flock of followers and proclaiming Sabbatai the God-Man. She greets him as her promised bridegroom, and Sabbatai makes her his queen.

The symbolism is obvious. From the moment when he allies himself with the super-woman Thora, his faith in himself is gone; he retains his power over the people, but shrinks from using his authority. Under the example of his apathetic inactivity and her mysterious magnetism the people are demoralized. There is a powerful scene when half-naked men and women dance and sing:

"Dead is the law and dead is the word.
Free the forbidden and open the lock.
Praise to thee—hail!"

But from the hilltop is heard the voice of Nehemia Kohen, the aged seer, who had announced the coming of Sabbatai and had anointed him for his mission, calling to the frenzied mob below:

"Woe to you, woe! For your prayers will pass away with the wind, and your hope is the day that is past. For you pray to a man whose beginning and end is the earth. (Points to Sabbatai.) I have withdrawn from him my word, and my power is no longer with him."

Harris & Ewing, Wash. John Blair Walker Whiteside

SCENE IN ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S PLAY "THE MELTING POT"

Sabbatai is taken prisoner by the Sultan, and we witness his moral defection. Revolutionary enthusiasm alternates with cringing cowardice, until his apostasy becomes manifest, and he exclaims:

"Allah is the only God, and Mohammed is His Prophet."

A change of faith which is promptly rewarded by the Mussulman with the highest honors.

The postlude shows the Jews at Jerusalem as in the first scene. An old man goes about and asks for the Messiah, and Nehemia Kohen, still the oracle of the disheartened people, tells him that the Messiah is more heavily chained than ever, and can be delivered only by their souls:

"Yet, I believe that the Messiah will come. And even if he tarry long, still I shall wait for his coming day after day."

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	Sulphur	Boroglycerin	Alcohol	Water	Perfume

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PROF. I. HUBERT, Toledo, Ohio

The Stage Loses Clyde Fitch

(*Continued from page 112*)

in the development of the American drama as a matter of business.

Clyde Fitch was born in Elmira, New York, May 2, 1865. He was educated at the public schools and afterwards entered Amherst College, from which he graduated in 1886. He came to New York and began writing for the magazines, but found literature a difficult and slow road to wealth. He turned his attention to the stage and later became acquainted with Richard Mansfield, who suggested to him the writing of a play based on the life of the famous fop, Beau Brummel. The piece was an enormous success, and remained a prominent feature of Mansfield's repertoire until that actor's death. In spite of this success, however, some time elapsed before Fitch was again heard from. During this time he was studying the stage. In 1890 came "Frederick Lemaitre," written for Felix Morris, which in turn was followed in quick succession by "A Modern Match," "Pamela's Prodigy," "His Grace de Grammont," "April Weather," "Mistress Betty," "Gossip," "Nathan Hale," "The Cowboy and the Lady," "Barbara Freitchie," "The Climbers," "The Girl and the Judge," "The Last of the Dandies," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," "Lovers' Lane," "The Bird in the Cage," "The Girl With the Green Eyes," "The Coronet of a Duchess," "Cousin Billy," "Her Own Way," "Her Great Match," "The Woman in the Case," "The Girl Who Has Everything," "Girls," "The Bachelor," etc., etc.

Mr. Fitch made an immense fortune with his pen. His city home at 113 East Fortieth Street was filled with art treasures purchased in every corner of the globe, and he owned a magnificent country seat near Greenwich, Conn., called "Quiet Corner."

The American Dramatist

Henry B. Harris, who made a fortune by his production of Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Mouse," has this to say about the American dramatist:

"The American dramatist is entering on an era that promises to bring him riches and renown. Being absolutely master of the local situation by reason of his intimate knowledge of sociological conditions here in his native land, he has nothing to fear from the foreign playwright. The tremendous successes of the past few years in America have, one and all, been the product of our countrymen. The plays that find favor in our theatres to-day are those that deal with local conditions in the matter of sociological ethics, politics and finance. From the time I started as a producing manager, I cast my fortunes with the American dramatist, and, adhering to this rule, no small measure of success has been mine. This year, for the first time, I have been compelled to deviate from this settled policy, and went abroad for two plays, "The Noble Spaniard," with which I will present Robert Edeson this coming season, and "The Earth," with which I intend to star Edmund Breese, beginning the latter part of October. Necessity compelled me to take the step by reason of being obligated to procure productions for these two artists, and being unable to secure suitable vehicles for them in America. The demand for American-made plays has grown so great that our native dramatists are unable to supply the demand. Although a number of new playwrights crop up each season, still the output is insufficient to supply the necessities of the American producing managers. I look for even greater successes this coming year for the only product not protected by legislation — plays by home-grown authors."

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The Creative Faculty in Actors

The scope for exercise of the creative faculty as a rule is less in the actor than in the dramatist. Roughly speaking, it increases for the actor in inverse ratio to the quality of the play, with this undesirable result—that the more powerful the actors become and the less powerful the dramatists, the latter will have to supply the former with plays in which they can best exhibit their creative gifts, and in these pieces the authors have little chance for showing their own creative power. There exists a kind of antagonism between the actor and the dramatist, and it is injurious to drama that the actor should have the upper hand.—*Westminster Gazette.*

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A unique and exclusive feature of the THEATRE MAGAZINE is the Fashion Department. Do not fail to read the suggestions and pointers of our Fashion Editor, an authority of both continents.

Opening of the Opera Season

(*Continued from page 116*)

Straram, Cartier, Charlier and Scognamillo—a lot of new scenery, of course, and more things to make the ears of the music-hungry public water.

These grand opera performances are to be given at the Manhattan on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday and Friday and Saturday matinée of the week, while on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, in the evening, opéra comique is to hold forth—in fact, there may also be a regular Wednesday matinée of this genre of opera. A separate company has been got together—twenty-five artists—and at the head are Henriette de Lorme and Henri De Vries. The répertoire for this opéra comique season embraces such works as "La Belle Helene," "Le Grande Duchesse," "Orphee aux Enfers," "Le Roi d'Ys," and a lot more. It makes one dizzy to think of it all—and the Metropolitan Opera House is yet to be heard from. If in the Spring there remains a single mortal within a radius of twenty miles of New York who has not had his fill of music, let him be placed in a museum for exhibition purposes.

For there's the concert season, too. There's the Philharmonic Orchestra, made over and with Gustav Mahler as its conductor; there are the Boston Symphony, the New York Symphony, the Russian Symphony, the People's Symphony; there are qunartets, trios, and again quartets. And there is a long list of soloists: Fritz Kreisler comes to show us again what a master of violin-playing he is. Teresa Carreno, the "Valkyrie of the keyboard"—my, how that phrase has done duty!—comes to play the piano; so does Ferruccio Busoni, and so does Olga Samaroff. Isadora Duncan comes to dance symphonically, and Loie Fuller comes to dance at opera houses. Liza Lehmann comes to show the public the composer of "In a Persian Garden," and—but why continue? The list is endless, and the reader would be breathless. Let us be brief and prophesy the obvious—New York has never before faced so tremendous a musical season.

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The New Theatre. Who's Who?

Below is a complete list of the boxholders as it will appear in the New Theatre program. On Tuesday nights and at the Thursday matinées the boxes will be occupied as follows: 1, Alexander White Cochran; 2, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.; 3, Hamilton McK. Twombly; 4, Adrian Iselin, Jr., and Columbus O'Donnell Iselin; 5, Robert B. Van Cortlandt and Hamilton F. Kean; 6, Henry Payne Whitney; 7, J. Pierpont Morgan; 8, William K. Vanderbilt; 9, George F. Baker; 10, Otto H. Kahn; 11, Henry R. Taylor and Moses Taylor; 12, Paul D. Cravath, W. De Lancey Kountze and Henry Rogers Winthrop; 13, George S. Brewster and Oliver Gould Jennings; 14, Archer M. Huntington; 15, Mrs. Harriman; 16, P. A. B. Widener; 17, Cornelius Vanderbilt; 18, Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont and Arthur Curtiss James; 19, Walter G. Oakman; 20, James W. Gerard; 21, Daniel Guggenheim; 22, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Miss Jennie Crocker and Charles Templeton Crocker; 23, James Hazen Hyde.

Friday nights and Wednesday matinées—1, Henry Walters; 2, Henry Clews and James B. Clews; 3, Miss Dorothy Whitney; 4, Clarence H. Mackay; 5, E. S. Harkness; 6, Cortlandt Field Bishop and M. Orme Wilson; 7, J. Pierpont Morgan; 8, William K. Vanderbilt; 9, William Barbour and Frank A. Munsey; 10, Henry Clay Frick; 11, Jacob H. Schiff; 12, Hiram W. Sibley and R. S. Brewster; 13, James Stillman; 14, John Jacob Astor; 15, William Seward Webb; 16, August Belmont; 17, Edmund L. Baylies and Whitney Warren; 18, Elbert H. Gary; 19, George J. Gould; 20, E. J. Berwind and Paul Morton; 21, James Speyer; 22, John Magee, J. M. Ellsworth and Philip M. Lydig; 23, Frederick G. Bourne.

Wednesday nights—1, William A. Read; 2, George L. Rives and Stephen H. Olin; 3, George W. Perkins; 4, A. D. Juilliard; 5, Alvin W. Krech; 6, J. H. Harding; 7, R. M. Thompson; 8, W. F. Sheehan; 9, Ralph Ellis and Francis K. Pendleton; 10, S. H. Valentine; 11, F. A. Vanderlip; 12, C. S. Sampson; 13, H. F. Dimock; 14, J. J. Wysong; 15, Lispenard Stewart; 16, W. G. Roelker; 17, Nelson Robinson; 18, F. W. Whitridge; 19, E. F. Hyde; 20, C. I. Hudson; 21, Samuel T. Peters; 22, William Lanman Bull; 23, E. D. Adams.—*New York Times.*

AFTER A MEAL
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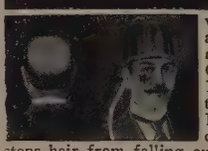

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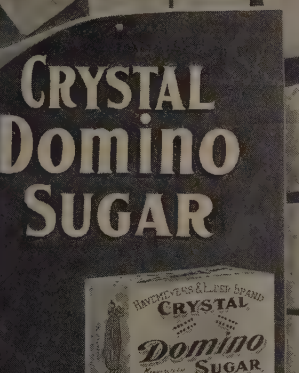

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Queries Answered

The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.

F. A. N., Matinee—Q.—Kindly give biographical sketch of Eleanor Robson. A. The daughter of Madge Carr Cooke, was born in England and brought to this country when very young. She received her education at a convent at Staten Island and made her stage début with the Frawley Stock Company in San Francisco in the play entitled "Men and Women." She made her New York stage début playing Bonita in "Arizona," and since then has been seen in "Unleavened Bread," in which she originated the principal feminine rôle; "In a Balcony," appearing with Otis Skinner; "A Gentleman of France," in which she was leading lady to Kyrle Bellew; "Audrey," and "Romeo and Juliet." In 1903 she was first seen as a star in "Merely Mary Ann," then followed "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Girl Who Has Everything," "Susan in Search of a Husband," "Nurse Marjory," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Salomy Jane" and "The Dawn of a To-morrow."

R. P. E., Detroit—Q.—Please give the cast that played with Mrs. Fiske in "Becky Sharp" in this city in 1901. A.—See September, 1909, number. It is probably the same cast as in your city. Q.—In what issue of your magazine appeared a scene from "The Squaw Man" showing William Faversham in English uniform taking leave of the heroine? A.—July, 1905.

A Constant Reader—Q.—What are the prices of the September and November, 1905, and the November, 1906, numbers? A.—1905 numbers are 50 cents and the 1906 numbers 40 cents.

F. C. L., Cambridge, Mass.—Q.—Have you published any pictures of Julia Sanderson, and may I purchase the numbers which contain them? A.—In the following numbers of the THEATRE, which may be purchased from Meyer Bros., 26 West 33d Street, New York, have appeared portraits of Julia Sanderson: January, 1908, October, 1907, August, 1906, and August, 1905.

Subscriber, Waverly, Minn.—Do you not refer to the Actors' Society of America? The address of that organization is 133 West 45th Street, New York City.

A Constant Reader—Q.—Where was Frank Worthing born? A.—In England of Scotch parents. Q.—Where was Grace George born? A.—In New York. For answers to your other questions see our interview with Mr. Worthing in the June, 1909, number of the THEATRE.

S. C. M., Sr., West 139th St., City.—Q.—Have you published reviews of "The Prince of Pilsen," "Woodland," "Veronique," and "King Dodo," and at what price may I secure the copies the reviews appeared in? A.—A review of "The Prince of Pilsen" appeared in our April, 1903, number, price $1.25; of "King Dodo" in June, 1902, price $1.50; of "Woodland" in January, 1905, price 50 cents.

R. T. P. B., St. James, Phila.—Q.—Will you publish a full-page portrait of Forbes Robertson as Hamlet? A.—in our March issue of 1904 appeared a full-page portrait of Forbes Robertson as Hamlet and a smaller portrait in the same character in our August, 1903, number.

A Constant Reader, Phila., Pa.—Q.—Kindly tell me something of the life and career of Mme. Nazimova. A.—A Russian by birth, she received her education in Odessa and Moscow. After completing a dramatic school course she made her stage début as leading woman of a stock company and next appeared at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg, playing leading rôles. Then came a successful season in Berlin, which was followed by her appearance as Lia in "The Chosen People" at the Avenue Theatre, London. On her début in this country she won instant recognition and was finally persuaded to master the language. In Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" at the Princess Theatre in 1906 she was seen for the first time on the English-speaking stage. Q.—In what numbers have appeared portraits of Mme. Nazimova besides the March, 1907? A.—In the January, June, August and December numbers of 1907.

H. Robinson—Q.—Where is William J. Kelley acting at present? A.—Until a few weeks ago he was playing Cecil Cotswold in "The House Next Door" at the Gaiety Theatre. Q.—Please give a short sketch of Paul McAllister's career. A.—Paul McAllister made his first stage appearance in 1897 as a member of Augustin Daly's company. He remained with Mr. Daly until 1899 when he came under the management of Charles Frohman, for two seasons, appearing in "The Girl From Maxim's" and in "Richard Carvel." He became a member of the Proctor Stock Company in 1902, where he remained until 1904, when he joined the National Theatre Stock at Rochester, New York. Later in 1904 he became leading man for Edna Wallace Hopper, again joining the Proctor Stock Company, where he gained much popularity.

M. C. B., Muncy, Pa.—From time to time reproductions of players' autographs have appeared in our pages.

Alice K. L.—Q.—What is Bonita's real name? A.—Pauline Des Londes. Q.—Have you published photographs of her or of "Wine, Woman and Song"? A.—In the March, 1907, THEATRE appeared a scene from "Wine, Woman and Song."

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The THEATRE MAGAZINE, admirably edited, literally improves with each number, though the current issue seems to require no improvements. Hundreds of attempts have been made, here and in London, to establish such a periodical for the profession and the public; but all have failed as completely as the THEATRE has succeeded. It covers the dramatic world so thoroughly, both with pen and pencil, that it has driven the theatrical trade weeklies into the toils of the film shows. The portraits in color on its covers are well worth framing and make a valuable gallery of stage celebrities. Its literary matter is well written and, above all, impartial, sincere and independent. The professional or theatregoer who does not subscribe for the THEATRE MAGAZINE loses one of the best features of theatrical life. —*Stephen Fiske in Sports of the Times.*

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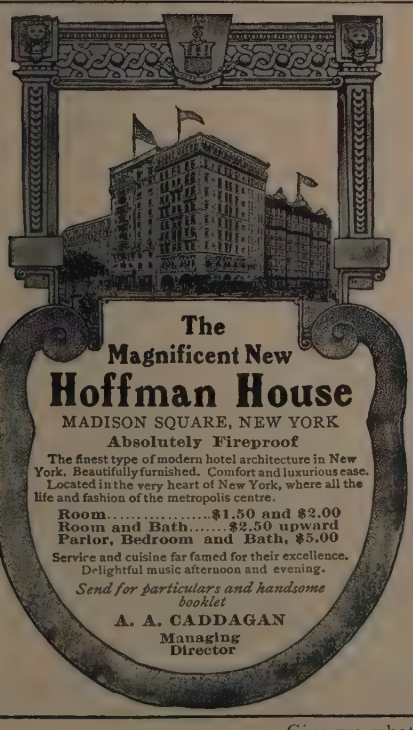

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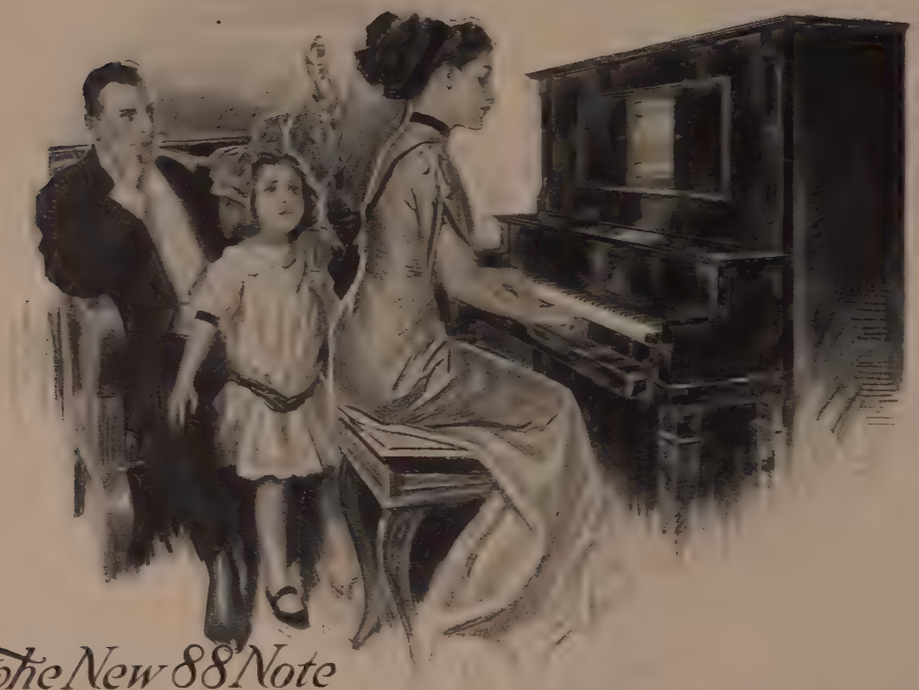

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(Continued from page 129)

passing of New York's many theatrical centres, and much of the information required could be obtained from these old playbills.

Other interesting programs and hangers include one issued for the Bowery Theatre in 1852, when Miss Davenport (Fanny Davenport's mother) appeared as Camille; one from the old Lyceum Theatre dated December 2, 1870, on which occasion the great French tragedian, Charles Fechter, appeared in repertoire; one which tells of the first appearance of the elder Sothern as Lord Dundreary in 1858; one dated 1800, setting forth particulars of Mr. and Mrs. Brougham's presentation of "The Rivals"; one for Tuesday evening, March 19, 1861, giving the cast of "Love's Sacrifice," in which J. H. Stoddart was taking the part of Count Dunmorck; one from the Fourteenth Street Theatre, bearing the details of Laura Keene's production of "Peg Woffington," a dramatic feature of 1862; one telling of the appearance of John McCullough and Kate Bateman in "Leah, the Forsaken," at Niblo's Garden in 1863; of Edwin Booth as Romeo on the opening night of the New York playhouse; of the first appearance of Mary Anderson as Lady Macbeth, and of the special performances of Adelaide Neilson, Lawrence Barrett, Charlotte Cushman and other famous artists on famous cities. The name of Clara Morris is mentioned upon a bill dated July 9 and 10, 1870, when she appeared in the small part of Mirko's wife in "Narcisse" at Crosby's Theatre in Chicago. This was the beginning of her career, before she had come under the hardening and exhaustive influence of Augustin Daly.

"Even as early as this there appears to have been a pronounced demand for dramatized versions of the latest popular fiction, for the Worrell Sisters announce in their New York Theatre on November 14, 1867, 'an original dramatic comedy, in five acts and numerous tableaus, founded with permission on the great novel by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and completed from advance sheets, most kindly furnished by Mr. Robert Bonner of *The New York Ledger*, entitled 'A Legend of Norwood; or, Village Life in New England.' The thrilling works of Sylvanus Cobb, then at the height of their popularity, were also turned to account by the deft dramatic artisans of that day, as may be learned from the program telling of 'The Pioneer Patriot; or, The Maid of the War Path.'

It would doubtless amuse the modern theatrical advertising expert to compare the make-up of the first-class programs of thirty or forty years ago with those now in use. The screaming type, red headlines and general tawdriness of execution would hardly be tolerated by a third-class circus of the present day. One poster announcing "The Stranglehum" at Wallack's has this to say of the literary activities of the author, the most prolific of American playwrights:

"To-night an entirely new drama, in three acts, written by Dion Boucicault, being the seventh that has come from his pen within six months, the others being 'Dot,' 'Chamoni,' 'Smike,' 'The Octoroon,' 'Jeanie Deans,' 'Vanity Fair.' Unwearied by this prodigious amount of literary labor, Mr. Boucicault now produces the last work he will give the public this season."

Among the most highly prized of Mr. Britting's relics are a valuable steel engraving of the golden-voiced Jenny Lind and a small colored lithograph showing the interior of Castle Garden during her first appearance in America.

A few of the other rare and beautiful portraits to be encountered within the confines of this little old smuggery are those of Adelina Patti as she looked over forty years ago, Clara Morris in various rôles, Fanny Davenport as Cleopatra, Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merrilies, Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, John Philip Kemble as Cato, Macready as Henry IV, Kate Claxton in "The Two Orphans," Edwin Forrest as Hamlet, Othello and King Lear, Ben de Bar as Falstaff, Effie Ellsler as the original Hazel Kirke, Ellen Terry and Sir Henry Irving in many different parts, Mrs. Langtry as Rosalind, Edwin Adams, Marie Burroughs, Mme. Janauschek, Mme. Ristori, Mme. Modjeska, a petite and appealing study of Rose Coghlan in early life, and a transcript in oils of the dainty Miss Brascombe at eighteen.

In fact, one could write an exhaustive history of the stage in the nineteenth century, particularly the American stage, and illustrate it in the most sumptuous manner imaginable if given free access to the voluminous mass of material with which the cheery and irrepressible proprietor of "The Playbill Restaurant" has been pleased to surround himself.

Charles Wisner Barrell.

Plays of the Month

(Continued from page 108)

the kind. The capitalist has influence enough to have the militia called in. The young man averts bloodshed and secures the demands of the laborers by sacrificing his claim to the hand of the daughter. The situation is the old one between love and duty and is effective. It will be seen that the love story is in no manner new. Mr. Hughes is better in his dialogue than in his characterizations. There he scintillates, but he is not particularly firm in the technical development of his story. However, it is satisfactory, and the character of the young engineer gives those opportunities to Guy Bates Post to distinguish himself. Surounded by a well-selected company, he was efficient and impressive, at no time mechanical, always natural, and made the character of the engineer stand out with as much reality as the bridge itself, which is saying a good deal. In fact, his was the one performance which was all that could be desired in making a character live on the stage. The cast was good, Miss Katherine Emmet, as the capitalist's daughter, making a fine impression, but the merits of the production rest with Mr. Fiske and Mr. Post. There was an effective episode in which the wife of a Bohemian laborer, with her child, sent for by the engineer without the knowledge of the workman, rejoins her husband. It is a true episode, for it has a bearing on the development of the character of the young engineer. It is also a reward for loyalty during the strike.

WALLACK'S. "The Dollar Mark." Play in four acts by George Broadhurst. Produced Aug. 23 with this cast:

James Gresham, Robert Warwick; Carson Baylis, Cuyler Hastings; Anthony Martin, Clay Clement; Wallace Chandler, Brinsley Shaw; Arthur Baylis, Hassard Short; William Stoneman, George Wright; John Foster Livingston, Robert T. Haines; Senator Westervelt, George Backus; Charles Fletcher, Burke Clark; Graham Griggs, Ogden Stevens; Henry Latimer, George O. Morris; Fleming Boyden, Harold Howard; Ben, Henry Calkins; Jenks Johnson, D. J. Sullivan; Bill Murphy, J. H. Davis; Denby, T. H. Hartman; A Bank-Messenger, Allen Little; Steward, T. J. Carlysle; Alice Chandler, Frances Ring; Mrs. Chandler, Selene Johnson; Millie Foster, Pauline Frederick; Malinda, Alpha Byers.

Wall Street, though a dramatic storm-centre in times of financial panic, and a place where there is always something doing in the line of underground business machinations, has a cold, hard, uncongenial atmosphere in which sentiment shrivels up and romance can no more be cultivated than American beauty roses. This is one reason, no doubt, why "business" plays of "The Dollar Mark" type, just now rather alarmingly in vogue, are always disappointing. The men in them are more obvious as poor players than as the feudal barons of modern finance whom they try to caricature. The women, in sheath gowns and beehive hats, look strangely out of their element in the directors' room during the inevitable run on the bank—a time and place where no female creature belongs except Mrs. Hetty Green.

The plot, or scenario, of the play—for which the author, Mr. Broadhurst, acknowledges his obligations to Charles T. Dazey—is a safe and substantial fabric of the good old melodramatic sort. A young and independent mine owner, James Gresham—who, after the first act, emerges as the staunch and altruistic president of the Fidelity Bank of New York—is pushed to the wall by Carson Baylis, a predatory "magnate," who, though already the possessor of $400,000,000, wants the aforesaid Gresham's mine. Gresham won't sell. In love, as well as in business, Gresham has blocked the multi-millionaire's game; for Baylis, who is a middle-aged widower, would like to marry the beautiful Alice Chandler, but cannot, because Gresham has pre-empted her romantic affections. So Baylis decides to crush Gresham, and he does not care who knows it. The thing looks easy. Gresham has certified a $600,000 check for Wallace Chandler, Alice's brother, whom Baylis had promised to lend collateral enough to secure the amount. But somebody tips Baylis off to the supposed fact that Chandler and Gresham are secret partners; whereupon he changes his mind about letting Chandler have that collateral, thereby putting Gresham in a terrible hole, at a moment when there is a run on the Fidelity Bank. Just as the Clearing House Committee are about to close up Gresham's bank, it transpires that the real secret partner of Chandler is young Artie Baylis, the weakling son of the Moloch millionaire. At this unmasking of his conspiracy—which he had been telling everybody about from the beginning—old man Baylis reluctantly consents to keep his word and supply the sorely needed collateral security.

Plots as naïve as this occasionally "get across"; but in order to do so they require stronger dramatic characterization, and better acting, than

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Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack" the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Building, New York City.

"The Dollar Mark" has been favored with. Hassard Short as young Baylis is a fairly strong weakling; and as Millie Foster, his manicure bride, Miss Pauline Frederick is pretty and piquant enough to inspire contemporaneous human interest. The rest of the cast remain obscured in a monotonous level of mediocrity.

HUDSON. "An American Widow." Comedy in three acts by Kellett Chambers. Produced Sept. 6 with this cast:

Agnes, Eleanor Washington; Gloria Stebbins, Margaret Grey; Frederick, Harris L. Forbes; Pitney Killigrew, Grant Mitchell; Teddy Bacon, John Flood; Jasper Mallory, Frederick Perry; Augustus Tutwiler, Joseph Adelman; Mrs. Elizabeth Killigrew, Grace Filkins; The Earl of Dextminster, Thomas Thorne; Mrs. O'Leary, Maggie Fielding; Mme. Abaloni, Harriet Davis; Charlie, T. Tamamoto.

A young and vivacious widow, Betty Killigrew, left with a large fortune at her own disposition, determines that her next husband shall be a man of title, and immediately secures an option upon an eligible idiot. Suddenly a second will turns up, requiring that her second husband shall be an American. A thrice-rejected suitor brings to her house a young American, a composer, a genius. She first offers to produce his opera, and with this ingratiation of herself incontinently proposes marriage to him, with the agreement that it shall be in name only. Through the refining influences of love and the barber, the composer, at first uncouth, develops into an attractive personality. The action, the incidents and the episodes play upon this state of affairs, the plot being of the slenderest kind. Nevertheless, considerable amusement is obtained. The piece serves its purpose and gives to Grace Filkins, the Betty of these amusing adventures, her first opportunity for independence in her career. It is gratifying to record her complete success. With her vivacity, her attractiveness, sense of humor and efficiency in making her points, she sustains the play, which is a farce rather than a comedy.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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KNICKERBOCKER. "The Dollar Princess." Musical comedy in three acts. Willner & Grünbaum. Adapted by George Grossmith, Jr. Music by Leo Fall. Produced Sept. 6 with this cast:

John W. Cowder, E. J. Connolly; Tom Cowder, Albert Hart; Dick, Frank Tierney; Freddy Smythe, Donald Brian; Marquis de Jolifontaine, F. Pope Stamper; Lord Herbert Fitz-Jones, Percival Knight; Ivan Tartaroff, Will West; Paillard, J. J. Horwitz; Alice Cowder, Valli Valli; Daisy, Adrienne Augarde; Olga Labinska, Louie Pounds; Blanche, Jane Hall; Rose, Kitty Melrose; Marie, Pauline Francis; Dolly, Mary Mackid; Nellie, Hazel Neason.

"The Dollar Princess" has assured New Yorkers, thus early in the new season, of a musical comedy standby to take the place of the delectable but passé "Merry Widow." The Frohman production is quite as lavish as the Savage one was; and it is expressed, in the sense of material luxury, in terms of the up-to-date smart set of New York and London, to offset the Vienna and Paris of the other. Donald Brian is once again the cynosure of feminine eyes for looks, dancing and deportment, and pleases the not overcritical ear with a singing voice that is not unlike his figure—slim, but well carried and graceful. Adrienne Augarde, the human Dresden-China figurine, is one of the principals in the piece; and two English music-comediennes of approved quality—Valli Valli and Louie Pounds—likewise shine as stars of the galaxy. Moreover, there is an extraordinary bevy of chorus ladies, with such classy names as Irene Avon, Claudia Esmond, Bertha Rives, Maude Wycherley, Claire Lippincott, Cynthia Bennett, and so on, who are more elegantly gowned than—in real life—are the duchesses, marquises and daughters of multi-millionaires whom they represent.

So much for externals. When we come to the essentials of the operetta—the book and music—we find them worthy of their setting. The names of the authors, Messrs. Willner and Grünbaum, are unfamiliar to audiences in this part of the world; but George Grossmith, Jr., who adapted their work for the American stage, is no stranger here. The result of his collaboration is that in "The Dollar Princess" we have the funniest thing that comic opera could possibly disport itself with—namely, an Englishman's idea of life among the New York millionaires and trust magnates. In the present instance, John W. Cowder, "president of Coal Trust," amuses himself by filling all the menial positions in his household establishment with stranded lords, dukes, barons and countesses, gathered in from the European overflow, and engaged on the "salary-is-no-object" plan. Cowder is a widower, with flirtatious propensities, and has a daughter and a niece, both pretty. The sentimental, matrimonial and other complications, which necessarily ensue, are worked out by the regulation British formula for lyrics in mild and safe doses recommended for adults and children alike.

GAIETY. "The Fortune Hunter." Comedy in four acts by Winchell Smith. Produced Sept. 4 with this cast:

Nathaniel Duncan, John Barrymore; Henry Kellogg, Hale Hamilton; George Burnham, Walter Horton; James Long, John Chas. Brownell; Lawrence Miller, George Loane Tucker; Willie Bartlett, James Montgomery; Robbins, John Sutherland; Tom, David Rosenthal; Sam Graham, Forrest Robinson; Mr. Lockwood, Charles Fisher; Roland Barett, Sydney Ainsworth; Tracey Tanner, Edger Nelson; Pete Willing, Edward Ellis; Charles Sperry, Charles H. Crosby; "Hi," Geo. Loane Tucker; "Watty," John Chas. Brownell; Jerry, George Spellvin; Betty Graham, Mary Ryan; Jessie Lockwood, Eda Bruna; Angie Tucker, Kathryn Marshall.

It is necessary to hark back to George Ade's "County Chairman," to find a suitable comparison for "The Fortune Hunter," the breezy and wholesome little comedy of American village life, by Winchell Smith, in which John Barrymore adds new lustre to the family name by his highly finished, yet modest and restrained performance of the central rôle. The character is that of Nathaniel Duncan, a young New Yorker of good social and business connections, who would like to have success and money, but wants to get them easily, and at the same time honestly. His case is well nigh hopeless, when his prosperous, hustling friend, Kellogg, "dopes out" for him a scheme of brilliant simplicity, by which he may solve the life-problem in a safe, sure and expeditious manner.

"All you have to do," says Kellogg, "is to select some small country town, far enough away from the city, where you can content yourself to settle down to the simple life for a while, and make yourself solid in the community by your exemplary habits, combined with good clothes and polite manners. There are always country heiresses, just waiting to be asked for by such a chap—they may even do the proposing themselves. Only,

Young Mr. Barrymore shows ease, lightness and good breeding, in a part which might, in less accomplished hands, lend itself to coarseness and caricature. Mary Ryan is winsome and dainty—perhaps a little too dainty, considering the probabilities—as the druggist's daughter. The village characters are all cleverly sketched, especially that of the wife-fearing deputy sheriff, by Edward Ellis.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "The Revellers." Comedy in four acts by Charles Richman. Produced Sept. 7 with this cast:

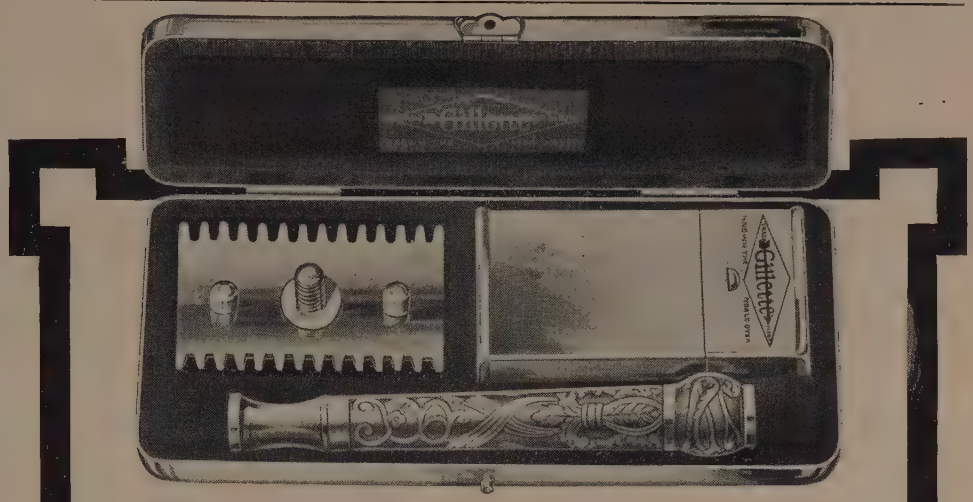
Dorothy Dean, Ida Conquest; Florence Knight, Thais Lawton; Lillie Wilson, Vera Finlay; Fanchon Smith, Mabel Rowland; Mrs. Brussell, Florence Robertson; Dolly Dimple, May McKenzie; Mrs. Montgomery, Reeva May; Folliott, Harriet Anderson; Gertrude, Jane Rogers; Virginia Randolph, Alma Sedley; Jack Randolph, Charles Richman; Henry Van Cleve, George Nash; Robert Emerson, Wm. H. Boyd; Herbie Watson, Frank Kingdon; George Montgomery, Frank Dekum; Billy Williams, W. C. Masson; Willie, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Freddie, Frederic Santley; Benny Singer, Willis Martin; Brown, Elmer Bowman; Al Johns, Al Johns.

This production, which came to Broadway not without certain disquieting preliminary rumors, undertakes to portray a certain well-known stratum of New York society. The first two acts are crude in construction and slangy in dialogue. Jack Randolph (Charles Richman), a lawyer of supposedly vast abilities, is the ruling spirit of a group of highly undistinguished "revellers," until, touched by the not obvious "influence" of Dorothy Dean (Ida Conquest), who comes from "up the State," and is in the group, though, apparently not of it, decides to quit revelling and attend to business. As a preliminary to all this, he marries Dorothy, who carefully conceals the fact that she has already been married to Henry Van Cleve (George Nash.) It appears, however, from what she overhears from Jack Randolph, that Van Cleve has met a violent death. But at the moment of the reformed lawyer's greatest felicity, Van Cleve reappears, to the keen discomfiture of all hands. All comes out in the end as it should, for Van Cleve, the welching bookmaker, confesses that he was not, after all, really married to Dorothy, the operation having been a "put up job," so to speak. The play, which necessitates about two dozen characters, was entirely unconvincing.

HERALD SQUARE. "A Broken Idol." Musical farce in two acts by Otis Harlan. Produced Aug. 16 with this cast:

Sing Wee, Madge Voe; Sun Lee Loo, Lawrence Comer; Silas Pugsley, George Richards; Mrs. Lucretia Muddleford, Carrie E. Perkins; J. Ely Muddleford, D. Z., Otto Hoffman; Jack Mason, Forrest Huff; "Doc What?" Otis Harlan; Lord Dunby, David Andrada; Marion Pugsley, Alice Yorke; Mlle. Marie De Deau, Laura Guerite; Officer Jenkins, Fred Hill; Henry, Maxwell Sargent; Servant Girl, Margie Stiles.

This musical piece is on most conventional lines, and hardly likely to carry off the blue ribbon of the present theatrical season. The characters are decidedly shopworn and the plot in which they are made to move is of absolutely no consequence. The humor is very much strained and the situations hackneyed. Madge Voe does a charming little bit as a Chinese girl, and George Richards and Carrie Perkins contribute some good



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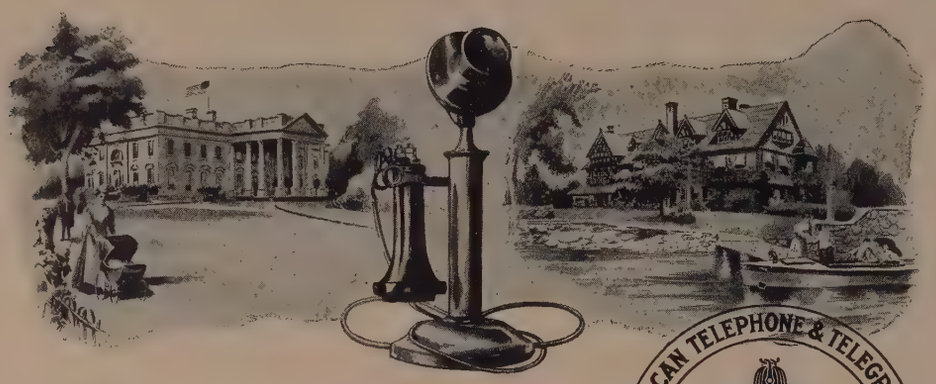

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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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comedy, but apart from these, and some good business effects invented by Gus Sohlke, there is nothing in "A Broken Idol" that is out of the ordinary.

LYCEUM. "ARSENE LUPIN." Play in three acts by Messrs. Francis de Croissst and Maurice Leblanc. Produced Aug. 26 with this cast:

Duke of Charmerace, William Courtenay; Guerchard, Sidney Herbert; Gournay-Martin, Charles Harbury; Examining Magistrate, Arthur Elliot; The Commissary of Police, T. Palmer Collins; Charolais, Harry Dodd; Hippolyte, Lawrence C. Knapp; Anastase, Maurice Sloan; Bernard, J. Crosney Davidson; Jean, the chauffeur, Anthony Burger; Firmin, Guy Nichols; The Janitor, Ivan Simpson; Boursin, J. Davis; Bonavert, Hollister Pratt; Dieusy, Louis Eagan; Police Agent, Joseph Robison; Alfred, a footman, James Smith; The Locksmith, H. Deane; Clerk of the Court, William Jones; Sonia Kritchnofe, Doris Keane; Germaine, Virginia Hammond; Victoire, Beverly Sitgreaves; The Janitor's Wife' Alice Putnam; Jeanne, Ida Greeley Smith; Marie, Grace Walsh; Irma, May Galyer.

A good detective story is always a mental relaxation; a good detective play is sure to provide genuine entertainment. "Arsene Lupin, which details the striving adventures of a titled Parisian Raffles, is a polite melodrama of peculiar interest and real psychological value. It is holding forth at the Lyceum, and if the signs read aright will not necessitate a change of bill for many a moon to come.

From a series of stories by Maurice Leblanc, the author, aided by the technical expertness of Francis de Croisset, has evolved a three-act play that grips the interest at the start and sustains it to the final fall of the curtain. The literary merit of the piece is much above the average, and the characters are drawn with an insight that betokens a careful and thorough study of life and its relative emotions. The Duke de Charmerace is an impostor as far as breeding goes, but he possesses, in addition to an abnormal predatory capacity, dash, elegance and charm. He robs with a mentality that is fascinating, and pits his skill at concealment against the brains of the first detective of France in a way that provokes splendid suspense and a continuity of interest that never slackens. It is real drama, this play, and for its subtle strength and interest must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. William Courtenay plays the title rôle. He accomplishes his task with some credit, but his rendering is deficient in the delicate niceties of a part that is something more than the principal character of conventional melodrama. Nor does Doris Keane sound the depths that attach to the slight but very significant part of the girl who steals rather than lose her honor. Incisive, clean-cut and well sustained is Sidney Herbert's Guerchard, Chief Inspector of the Secret Police; while Charles Harbury gives a fussy distinction to M. Gournay-Martin, the man who is constantly warned that he is going to be robbed and yet cannot prevent it. The production is a capable one, but in view of the fact that the Paris one was available there were many little points in dress, make-up and business that might have been portrayed with greater verisimilitude and conviction.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
50 cts. per case—6 glass-stoppered bottles

NEW YORK. "THE SINS OF SOCIETY." Drama in four acts by Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Produced Aug. 31 with this cast:

Lady Marion Beaumont, Laura Nelson Hall; Lady Goldbury, Louise Closser Hale; Lady Gwendolen Ashley, Louise Rutter; Caroline, Duchess of Danebury, Lucy Sibley; Mrs. Murgatroyd, Florence Edney; Mrs. Barton T. Rocketter, Rosalie De Veaux; Lady Normanton, Grace Thorne; Lady Cirencester, Lillian Gurney; Mrs. De Courcy Tremaine, Alice Dean; Lady Angelina Hawthorne, Virginia Bell; Noel Ferrers, W. L. Abingdon; Sir Dorian March, Conway Tearle; James Hogg, Leslie Kenyon; Mr. Morris, Dodson Mitchell; Lord Enderby, Clifford Hipple; Captain Carruthers, Malcolm Watson; Lord Craven, C. P. Zell; Colonel Grettin, Charles Rowan; Captain Thorp, W. A. Eustace; Captain Mason, Dell Pascatel; Sergeant Wrangham, Charles Flemin.

"The Sins of Society" presents scenic effects that mark the furthest advance of modern stagecraft in the matter of illusion. Nothing more beautiful has ever been seen than a waterfall stretching across the full width of the stage, shimmering in the light of a moon that is struggling through the clouds, the great sheet of water as it takes its leap having all the appearance of a moving opalescent fluidity. It is as beautiful as a picture as it is effective in its simulation of reality. There is a scene in which a government transport sinks after an explosion, the vessel visibly settling below the level of the sea (the stage), while the band plays the British national hymn, and the hero, surrounded by his comrades awaiting their doom, stands with the flag unfurled. Rodomontade undoubtedly, just as the action of the play generally is fustian, but in comparison the ship is almost human. It is as alive as steam can make it, voices its apprehensions of danger in hoarse whistles as any other steamer would. You feel it crunch on the rock, you hear the boilers explode and you see—what you see. There

is a racetrack scene at Longchamps in which a jockey who has thrown a race is mobbed. A fine picture is that of the exterior of a church. The interrupted wedding is carried out with the procession of the choir boys and all the details of a religio-fashionable function.

It is not at all improbable that Mr. Cecil Raleigh and Mr. Henry Hamilton, the authors of the play, are under the impression that they alone "wrote" these scenes. As much credit is due to their collaborators, the carpenters who have hit the nail on the head, the artists with paint pots, and the stage-manager with his kit of tools, to whom nothing is inaccessible.

CIRCLE. "In Hayti." Musical comedy in three acts by John J. McNally. Music and lyrics by Jerome and Schwartz. Produced Aug. 30.

When a vaudeville team has occupied the position of head liners for a couple of decades or more, it is a pretty sure indication of their real merit. McIntyre and Heath, to whom this honor attaches, are something more than common or garden black-faced comedians; they are real artists. Quaint, dry, reposeful and comic, they play into each other's hands with a skill and surety that is always responsible for unrestrained merriment. Their comic vehicle this year is entitled "McIntyre and Heath in Hayti," and it is on the stage of the Circle Theatre they are disporting themselves. John J. McNally is the author of the book, a rather thin affair which, however, enables the stars to do some funny work and provides Jess Dandy an outlet for his Hebraic monologues. Some of the music by Jerome and Schwartz has the peculiar tinkle and swing that appeals to the popular ear, and the company is large and quite equal to the demands of the piece.

Plans for the New Theatre

The season's plans for the New Theatre contain the announcement that the opening attraction is to be E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe, at the head of the New Theatre stock company, in a revival of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra." The season will open on Monday night, November 8, and it will comprise about thirty weeks, during which time many modern plays, besides a few standard ones and opera, will be given.

During the first six weeks the répertoire will, in addition to "Antony and Cleopatra," consist of "The Cottage in the Air," by Edward Knoblauch; "The Nigger," a new play by Edward Sheldon, author of "Salvation Nell"; "Strife," by John Galsworthy; and Sheridan's "School for Scandal." All the presentations will be made by the New Theatre company, and, carrying out the plan of the promoters, no player will be featured or starred.

The company, when fully organized, will comprise about forty players. Those already assigned to their parts include Edward H. Sothern, Charles Cartwright, A. E. Anson, Albert Bruning, Ferdinant Gottschalk, Henry Stanford, Ben Johnson, Rowland Buckstone, William McVay, Charles Balsar, Jacob Wendell, Jr., Pedro de Cordoba, Master John Tansey, Julia Marlowe, Rose Coghlan, Olive Wyndham, Jessie Busley, Mrs. Sol Smith, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson, Beverly Sitgreaves, Thais Lawton, Leah Bateman-Hunter and Vida Sutton. Louis Calvert, the stage manager, who is also an actor, will appear in several important rôles.

George Foster Platt is to be the producer of the various attractions and Wilfred North and Frederick Stanhope assistant producers. Elliott Schenck is to be musical director and Edward Hamilton Bell art director. The acting manager will be Edward E. Lyons and the house treasurer Jed F. Shaw.

The plans also include the giving of light opera, twenty evening and twenty matinée performances during the Winter by members of the Metropolitan Opera House, under the direction of Andreas Dippel.

For the initial performance of "Antony and Cleopatra," a new version of which has been especially prepared for the New Theatre company, Mr. Sothern will play the part of Antony and Miss Marlowe that of Cleopatra. Others in the cast will be Messrs. Bruning, Anson, Gottschalk, Buckstone, Stanford, Wendell, Balsar, Johnson, North, Melick and Cordoba, and Mmes. Forbes-Robertson, Busley and Bateman-Hunter. The scenic investiture has been designed by Jules Guertin and the costumes by Mr. Bell.

Three days later, or on Thursday evening, November 11, "The Cottage in the Air," the first new play of the season, will be produced. The presentation will serve to introduce several other members of the company, including Miss Wyndham, Mr. Cartwright, Miss Coghlan, Mrs. Sol Smith and Miss Sitgreaves. Others in the cast will be Mr. Balsar, Mr. Gottschalk, Mr. Stanford, Mr. Johnson and Mr. North.

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Madame Jane Hading's Ideas on Dress

Together with Fashions of the Month

"OH, but you have good luck," was the exclamation of a French lady, when I remarked that I was in a bit of a hurry, as I was on my way to call upon Madame Jane Hading by that famous actress' special invitation. Certainly, I realized my good fortune, but I knew well that it came from my being the representative of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

As the motor drew up before the high iron gates of a villa just outside Paris, I caught glimpses of a wide lawn over which were scattered trees and flowers innumerable. At the sound of the bell the gate opened mysteriously, and I descended before the steps of a gray stone house, whose door was held invitingly open by the butler who ushered me into a tiny reception room set with the formal arrangement so characteristically French. In the few moments I had to wait his return I glanced about at the lovely soft coloring and the artistic decorations with a reassured feeling that I should meet a charming woman as well as one of the leading actresses of France.

Entering the boudoir on the floor above, I received a cordial greeting from the young lady I found there, and on my saying that I was much pleased to have a chance to talk with Madame Hading as she was passing through Paris after her successful London engagement, and that I begged Madame to tell her I would not detain her long, a merry peal of laughter rang out:

"But, who then do you think I am? Why, I am Jane Hading." Was I to believe my eyes or the word of the speaker? Here was an actress who had been on the stage for, yes, it must be twenty years, and yet I saw before me a woman of not more than twenty-eight years in appearance, both as to face and figure. Covering my confusion as well as I could I said that I had come to talk to her and get her ideas about fashions, because so many of my American friends had assured me that she knew so well the art of dress.

Photo Reutlinger

MADAME JANE HADING

"Now, you certainly have set me a difficult task, for between us I think that the fashions of the past season or so have been abominable. Truly, are not those tight skirts frightful? Why, they are like barrels, they resemble pipes more than garments. How any woman could have consented to wear them I cannot imagine. My costumes for 'La Femme X,' in which I created the leading part last Winter, had full skirts, and to my way of thinking were much more charming."

Ah! there spoke the woman of whose exquisite taste I had been forewarned, but with whose expressed sentiments I must not show too much sympathy just yet. "But they outline the figure, the curves, so admirably," I ventured.

"Yes, they surely do outline the figure, they leave absolutely nothing to the imagination, so that I beg to differ with you and say that they outline the figure far from admirably. If one desires to show the silhouette it can be so much more adroitly done with a full skirt. Perhaps more practice is required to attain that end with a full skirt than with a scanty one, but there is scarcely anything that is worth acquiring that does not require knowledge and skill, is there? Narrow skirts are not for the stage, can really never be worn by an actress to my way of thinking. They impede the movement, they do not permit of the almost unconscious action that is necessary when creating a big rôle. Why, some of the skirts of the past Winter were so narrow that it was impossible to sit down in them, and if the part required one to kneel one could not rise with grace and comfort.

"No, I could never follow such fashions, and fortunately I have a dressmaker, Laferrière, who is quite in accord with my feeling on this subject. Sometimes I select a model, but more often the model suggests some other idea to me, so that he makes the change, and again he makes something quite different from anything he is showing for me. His costumes are always so elegant, and yet often so simple, too, that it is small wonder he has the good fortune to number as his foremost client that elegant and gracious lady, the Queen of England.

"The art of dressing for the stage consists in dressing the part in harmony with its characteristics. One must know not only the part one is to play oneself, but its relation to the other characters of the drama. Next one must discover how such a type of person would dress if she were met with in real life. Some characters require little study, others require more thought. However, one great essential is that the clothes shall not hamper the actions of the wearer, and this is particularly true if it is an emotional rôle that is to be portrayed. An actress must be unconscious of her clothes. She must forget all about her clothes for the time she is on the stage.

"You will think me a severe critic of styles, when I say that those extremely big hats were not for the stage. They are all very well and picturesque for the carriage, but it would be simply impossible

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to play a comedy part in one of those enormous things. Ah, you see I am by no means a worshipper at fashion's shrine. I like styles that are individual, personal, in both hats and gowns. It is because of her great perception and appreciation of personality that Madame Carlier is for me the milliner par excellence. There is a modiste, an artist of the cleverest kind. She has made my hats for years. I have the greatest admiration for her taste and judgment, and while I may change my couturiere always it is Carlier who creates my hats. She has an instinct for the silhouette that is truly marvellous.

"I am glad to hear that so many of the nice American women admired my stage costumes, for I have more than pleasant recollections of my visits to your wonderful country. No, I have no plans for a return to it. I have been told that French players are not so much the vogue there as they were ten years ago. Each season I visit London, where they are certainly devoted to the French drama. I cannot understand why the French actors should not be as popular in the United States as ever they were, for certainly the theatres are kept open here during the Summer principally because of the benefit that accrues from the many visitors from your country, who are then passing through Paris. Look, too, at the open-air representations at Nimes and Orange, such out-of-the-way places, yet crowds of Americans go there. Surely the number of Americans who sojourn in France during the Spring and Summer is evidence that they admire the French ways and people. Indeed, it seems to me that there is a great harmony of ideas between the two nations. But then you must remember that I am an actress, and not much versed in affairs, business you say.

Old blue liberty entirely covered with gauze of changing colors, blue and copper colored. A large satin ribbon of the same copper shade is crossed in the back and front and comes down behind in a loose knot. The bodice is made of blue silk embroidery on copper net and a band of the same embroidery encircles the skirt. The gauze is gathered in the embroidery and a narrow band of fur ends the bottom of the skirt. The décolleté is made of cream-colored tulle pleated in rays. Sleeves and drapery of gauze; the sleeve is ended by embroidery same as the bodice. From Vaganey, 34 Rue de l'Opera, Paris

"Yes, I am an actress, first and foremost, but not all the time. I am devoted to my home. My energies are given to my profession, my home is for myself and my few friends. I do not understand how a really serious actress can find the time to go into society, to attend the races and other society functions. My belief is that an actress must give her best to the public who pays to hear her, and, therefore, to expend one's strength in going about here and there when one is not playing is wrong to her audiences.

"My last appearance in America was with the great Coquelin, whose death was a great misfortune. There was a man who knew his art, a man of wonderful education, and one with whom it was more than a pleasure to play.

"Fashions off the stage? But, my dear madame, I have just explained to you that I do not go into society, that my life off the stage is of the most simple and homelike, and, therefore, my gowns are of the greatest simplicity.

"My age? An actress should have no age. She should know the art of making up so well that even when young she can make herself look like an old woman on the stage. I began my stage career when I was very young, and to no one, not even my most intimate friends, have I ever told my age. Of course, the life is trying and ages one quickly. Of all women an actress must know herself. I look only thirty years old? Ah, that is a compliment you pay to my secret, one that was given to me by an English woman. You see for yourself that I use no make-up off the stage, no paint, only a specially prepared water and a little powder. On the stage make-up is necessary, and it is that which plays havoc with the complexion of so many actresses.

"It was some fifteen years ago that a distinguished English woman, as she was bidding me adieu, handed me an envelope, saying, 'This contains the secret of my youth. I give it to you because you so much resemble the sister I lost when she was about your age. I am an old woman, and we shall probably never meet again in this life.' This made me sad, for while I knew she must be a woman of forty-five or so, she had the appearance of a woman of thirty. Not a wrinkle, not a spot marred the smoothness of her complexion. Imagine, then, my surprise, when on consulting Debrett I discovered that she was a woman of sixty-five years!

"Well, at the moment I threw the envelope into my desk, and forgot all about it until a few years ago, when I discovered certain tell-tale signs of age. Thereupon I made a search for the now grown precious recipe, and, with much trouble, compounded it, and it is that water, eau de Jeunesse, water of youth, and a little powder that I use. Oh, you are not the first woman who has asked me for the recipe, but I promised never to divulge it, so what can I do?"

"Madame, you said a few moments ago that the French and American people were much alike. Now, do you know what an American woman would do under the circumstances? Why, sell it, make money out of it, and at the same time be a philanthropist, for certainly every woman who used it would rise up and call you blessed."

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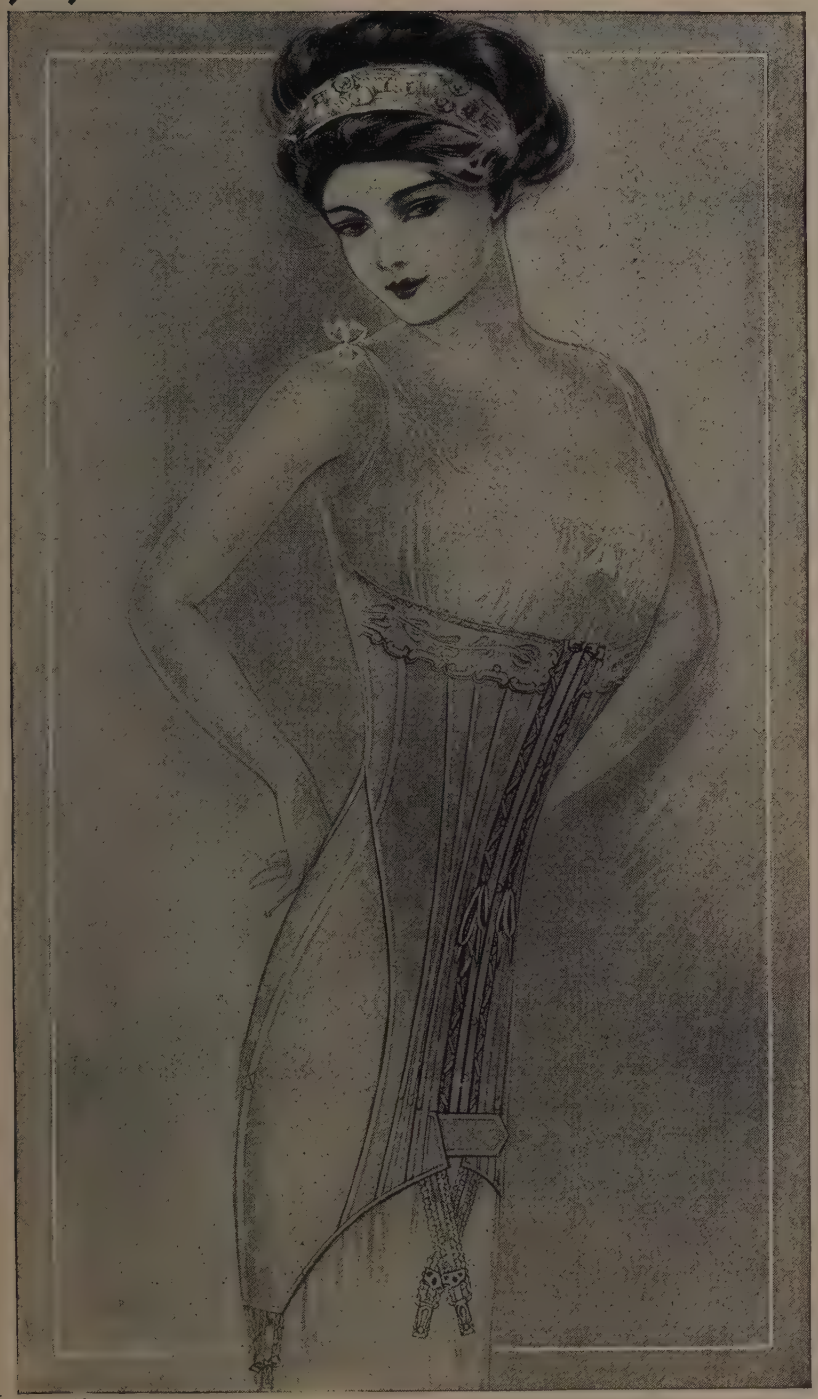

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Photo Felix

Old blue velours, black tulle tunic, silver and chinchilla ornaments. Draped with silk roses. By Badin & Cie., Paris

"A clever idea, and one worthy of consideration. Well, perhaps some day I will."

What a rush and hurry there has been in all the great dressmaking establishments during the past fortnight. For two hours every morning and afternoon there has been a constant procession of pretty mannequins arrayed in the new Winter costumes and wraps, and parading through the gorgeous salons before women gathered from all parts of the world, eager to know what are to be the fashions for the coming season. The American dressmakers have made up a large part of these audiences, and already they are speeding back to New York as quickly as the fastest steamers can carry them ready to display the new fashions in all their beauty of coloring and grace of form.

For the new fashions are exceedingly attractive. No more Empire, no more distorted figure lines, but a return to the graceful curves of the fitted bodice and the normal waistline. So exquisite are the materials used, so beautiful the new tints, and so entirely different the sleeves and skirts from those of the past two seasons that they are certain to please the most critical of women.

With this bewildering display of hundreds of model garments, it can be no slight task to decide what to buy and what not to buy. Then those mannequins who move so quietly and gracefully, and who know so well how to set off a gown to advantage, they, too, must add to the bewilderment of the dressmaker, who must certainly be endowed with the utmost coolness and good judgment to be able to pick and choose the successful styles.

The fashions of the coming Winter are certainly to be a mixture of several style periods such as the Louis XV and XVI, and by no means forgetting the Louis XII. But the real creators of fashion in Paris adapt these so admirably to the exigencies of modern life that they produce fashions well suited, or which can be cleverly modified for the appropriate use of the twentieth century woman of every country in the world.

The new figure is that lovely rounded one with which Nature has endowed so many women. The new costumes show it off to perfection, for they mould the hips, the waist and bust. Every bodice is fitted and more or less boned, but with short bones, so that the beautiful curves of the figure are not made stiff. If Dame Nature has not endowed one with this figure, the French woman and the titled women of many lands know well that Leoty can give it to them by the help of his corset, which, while readily affecting the transformation, gives at the same time freedom and grace of movement so much to be desired. Corsets are certainly lower in the bust, but quite as long over the hips as those of the Spring. But one does not have to come to Paris to get a good corset, for American agents sell the best hand-made French corsets, and our

Photo Felix

Smart walking costume of rough blue serge and black satin. The plaited skirt is of satin with laveuse drapery of serge, which also forms the major portion of the bodice. Made by Martial & Armand, Paris

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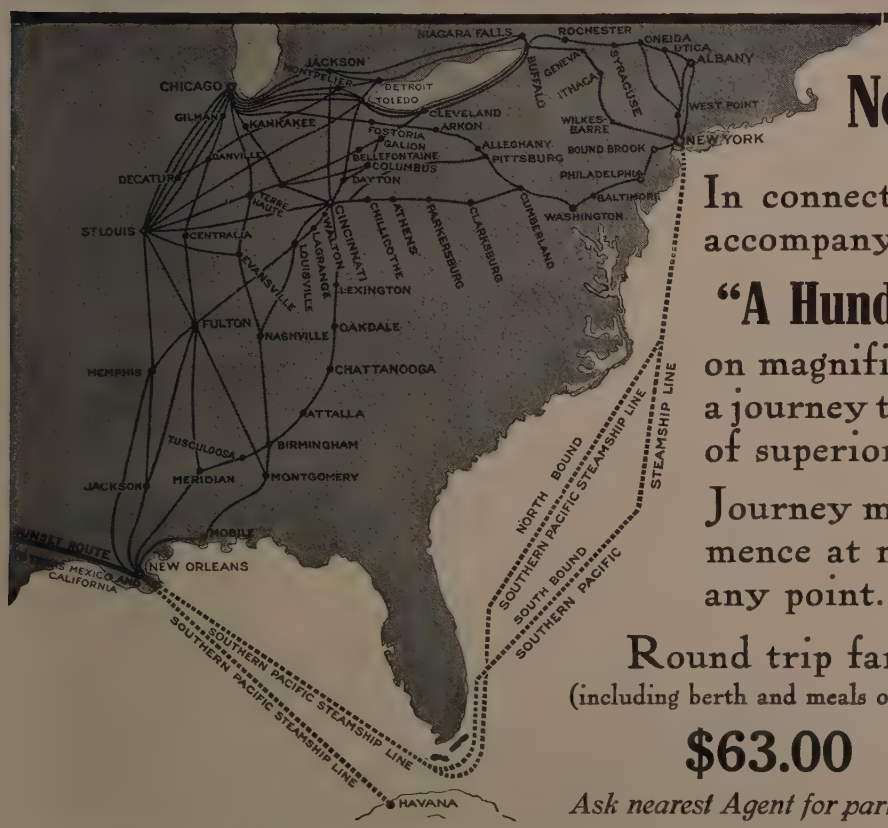

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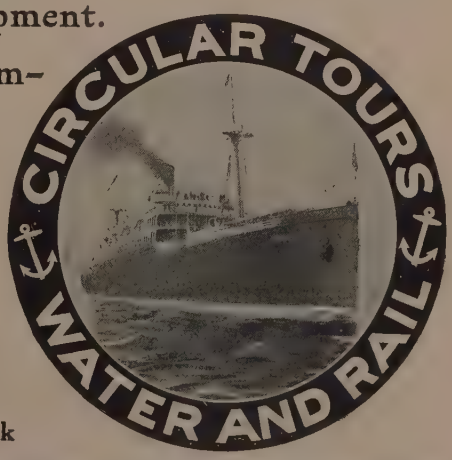

L. H. NUTTING, General Passenger Agent, 1158, 366 or 1 Broadway, New York

own manufacturers follow very quickly and closely the shapes that originate each season in Paris. So that there is really no excuse nowadays for the American women not to be well corsetted. A well-made and good-fitting corset is the foundation of good dressing as it is of good health. To restrict or endeavor to restrict the figure is a stupidity as well as harmful to health and beauty, not to mention grace.

There are all sorts of lengths being shown in suit coats, and for the genuine tailored suit they are of the semi-fitting type that in some instances verge on the almost fitted. Such smart rough cloths are being used for these as well as for short princess dresses of the cuirass style, the latter are intended to be worn on the street in the Autumn with only the fur scarf and muff by way of wrap. These cloths are homespuns, hopsackings, cheviots, and for the more elaborate effects zibeline, but with only a slightly rough surface. Long suit coats are certain to be most popular, something below the knee, and many of them reach almost to the bottom of the short skirt. The smartest women here never think of wearing a long skirt for shopping, so that the dressmakers have finally taken up the idea; I show many of their new models in this length.

One hears something of shorter coats, somewhere about the thirty-inch length, and on the order of a Russian blouse for the more dressy suits. Drécoll is showing some admirable cloth and silk costumes on this order, and the little jacket is admirable, and therefore certain to be successful. For this Winter it is only for the woman who can afford every sort of imaginable outer garment, but it signals the return of the shorter jacket for Spring. Oh, yes, I can see the eyes open when I say Russian blouse, for that calls to your mind's eye those awful blouses that were so much worn some six or eight years ago, but the new Drécoll model is entirely without the ugly pouch front, which was so much the fashion then. You will find it in the best establishments soon, and I am sure you will admire it as much as I do.

There is to be a great variety in sleeves, and the general tendency is towards fullness below the elbow. You will note this in the charming photograph of Madame Jane Hading, whose lovely lace gown is a later Summer model, specially created for that clever actress by Laferrière. But the new sleeves have all sorts of pretty puffs and bands between the shoulders and wrists. Many of the new costumes, and even suit coats, have the upper part of the body cut in one with the sleeve, the seam often extending over the shoulder and down the outside of the sleeve. Bodices cut in this form generally have the cap sleeve with a long, tight-fitting undersleeve,

Photo Felix

Gown in taupe liberty with net tunic embroidered in the same shade. Guimpe or Alençon lace. The upper sleeves are of liberty and the undersleeves of net embroidered like the tunic. Made by Redfern, Paris

Photo Manuel

Tailor-made gown, wine-color gold embroidery, large buttons; collar and cuffs embroidered. By Mons Henry, Paris

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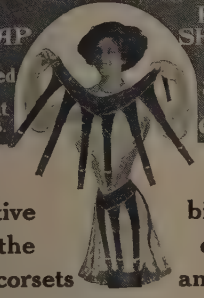

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Photos Manuel

1. Fur toque, velvet toque brim, black feathers. Maison Carlier, Paris
2. Turban, 1805—Ancient red velvet, wooden beads. Exclusive creation of Carlier, Paris
3. Draped ermine turban trimmed with gold galloon and heron aigrette in white and natural tone. A late creation of Eliane, Paris

the latter of some transparent material, such as lace, net or mousseline de soie. A well-known New York dressmaker said to me the other day that it seemed to her almost any length of sleeve would be fashionable this Winter, but to me the long sleeve seems much more modish.

There are so many different forms and styles of trimming and arranging the materials of which the sleeves are composed that a great deal of variety will be produced in the long sleeves. Then, too, I have the authoritative statement of one of the most renowned Paris dressmakers, Beer, that the long sleeve will be the fashionable one. And certainly the costumes I have seen, with the exception of those intended for strictly evening wear, accent the vogue of the long sleeve.

Diverging a bit from the question of sleeves, I have just been shown by one of the smartest society women a stunning little overbody or blouse that she has purchased to wear over white lace or lingerie blouses. It is in heavy blue Brussels net, the exact shade of her blue serge tailored suit. It is embroidered all over in chain stitch and lined with blue chiffon. There are only three pieces to this body, two in the back and a front, the short sleeves that extend to the elbow being cut in one with the body with, in this instance, the underarm seam extending to the sleeve, thus forming a modified Japanese sleeve. This blouse is intended to give the appearance of a costume to the strictly two-piece tailored suit with which it will be worn. The idea is in accordance with the latest style edict, and is also artistic and economical, therefore, when it makes its appearance in the New York shops, it is certain to gain immediate popularity. Then, too, it carries out the idea shown in many of the most expensive cloth and velveteen tailored suits, where the bodices made of colored chiffon or net to match the color of the suit is made over a lace lining, and sometimes with metal lace or colored embroidery laid on underneath the transparent outer material.

Madame Lara, of the Comédie Française, is wearing a wine-colored velveteen suit of this type that has a chiffon bodice of the same color made over a guimpe of fine lace, and with fancy bretelles of black moiré piped with velveteen extending over the shoulders and seemingly fastening on to the skirt back and front. The bodice is put on first, but the straight belt of velveteen fastened to the bodice goes down over the top of the skirt. The coat reaches almost to the bottom of the short skirt, and is made of the wide, flat-corded velveteen. The skirt is in four gores, the fullness in the back being shirred on to the tight-fitting back gore about ten inches below the waistline. A little trick of Madame Lara's may well be copied by American actresses. As the gown has been worn during the warm evenings of August, and her part in "Les Tenailles" is a most exacting one, she has had the bodice lined with an oiled paper so as to preserve it from damage by perspiration.

Another lovely gown worn by this charming actress in "Les Tenailles," which shows the new style, has a rather narrow skirt of handsome gray and gold epinglé velvet, or, as I have so often heard it called, brocaded velvet. The flowers are quite large, as big as the hand, but as the material is of the most supple quality, as are all the new silks and velvets, the skirt hangs in lovely folds. Over this is draped a tunic of gray chiffon, which is held in place at the waistline in front, and almost at the end of the very short train in the back by big jet and gold-embroidered ornaments. Then there winds tightly about the waist a soft gray satin ribbon drapery that goes over the right shoulder and hangs in one long end at the left side of the back, this single end being finished with a deep-knotted silk fringe. Also, she wears a pretty tea gown made with a silver gray satin petticoat, over which is worn a long and rather scanty coat of heavy gold net banded entirely around the edges with golden-brown velvet and trimmed about the sleeves and down the front with a narrow gold lace frilling. Ribbon is also shirred and used in a similar manner on some of the new evening wraps. Madame Lara's gold net coat reaches well below the knees, but does not meet in the front, though the velvet band runs across the opening, and is there ornamented with a huge flat velvet bow. It is well to make a note of this flat bow, for we shall undoubtedly see more of it as the Winter advances.

There is an immense use of two materials in costumes this Winter. Chiffon and net tunics will be worn over velvet and satin skirts for the more elaborate gowns intended for afternoon and evening wear, and for street purposes cloth suits or princess costumes combined with satin or velvet will be ultra fashionable. The new idea is that the skirt shall have the upper part made of one material, and the lower portion of another. It sounds odd, but

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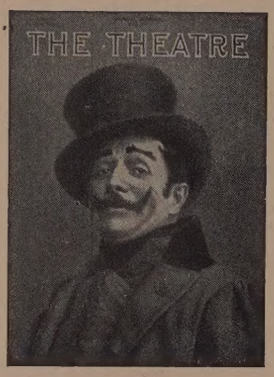

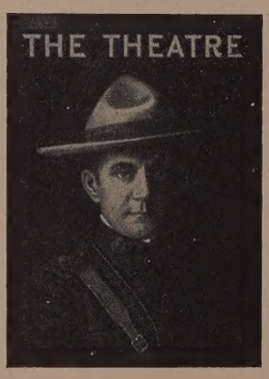

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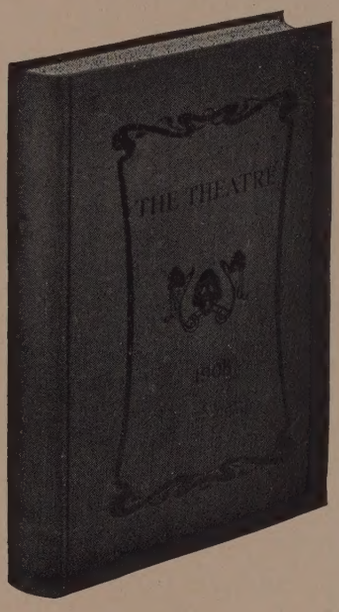

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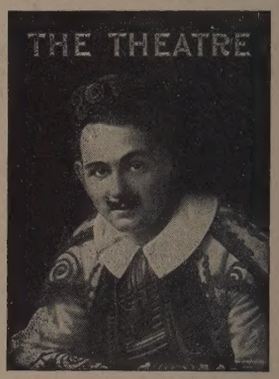

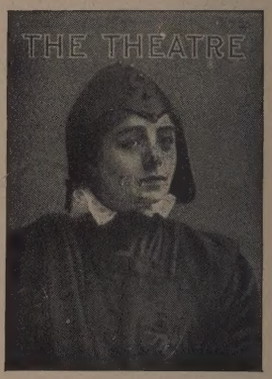

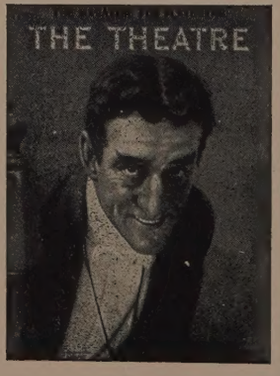

when you see the best models I am sure you will admire them. Martial and Armand are showing some clever models on this order, and the illustration from that house, which accompanies this article, was ordered for her own use by no less a personage than Mary Mannering. I can assure you that the stage gowns they have made for her are perfect dreams.

A great many women, both American and French, wear the collarless bodice over here. It is a style that is much more successful, and much more appropriate, to this side of the water than at home, owing to the difference of climate and social customs.

Photo Manuel

Carriage hat of black silk beaver having a band of stitched black velvet edging the brim, and ornamented with large white cross aigrette with huge jet cabochons at the side. Made by Eliane, Paris

Speaking of furs, I saw a stunning caracul coat at Badin's the other day. It was a long affair, reaching not quite to the bottom of the skirt. The lower edge rounded down a bit in the back in the most graceful manner, and was edged with a broad shaped band of skunk, the same long-haired fur forming the broad and deep shawl collar and wide cuffs. It was wonderfully light for such a long garment, and, of course, the splendid quality of the fur was responsible.

Some New Victor Records

Although Slezak, the famous Vienna tenor who is creating a sensation in German rôles abroad, will not appear at the Metropolitan Opera in New York for some weeks, yet music lovers can hear him now through the enterprise of the Victor Talking-Machine Company. Slezak has been called the second Tamagno, and, after listening to the four fine records now offered by the Victor in the list of October records just issued, it is not difficult to prophesy that he will make a sensation at his coming appearances. The four records, all in German, are "Schlummerlied" from Stumme von Portici, "Siciliana" from Cavalleria Rusticana, "Nun sei bedankt, lieber Schwan" from Lohengrin, and "Ach geh auf, moch erbleichen" from Romeo and Julia.

Records by two other artists who have never appeared in America are also presented. M. Regis, the leading tenor of the Marseilles Opera, sings in French the William Tell "Barcarolle," and "Elle ne croyait pas" from Mignon. Sagi-Barba, the most famous of Spanish baritones, gives two more Zarzuela numbers—a "Romanza" from Alma de Dios and the "Despidida" from El Gremete.

But the most important announcement is that of three new records by Tetrazzini, who returns to the Manhattan Opera for her third season. They are the beautiful air, "Regnava nel silenzio," which Lucy sings on her entrance in Act 1 of Lucia di Lammermoor; the exquisite air of the page from the last act of the Masked Ball; and the favorite "Non credea" from Bellini's sparkling opera La Sonnambula.

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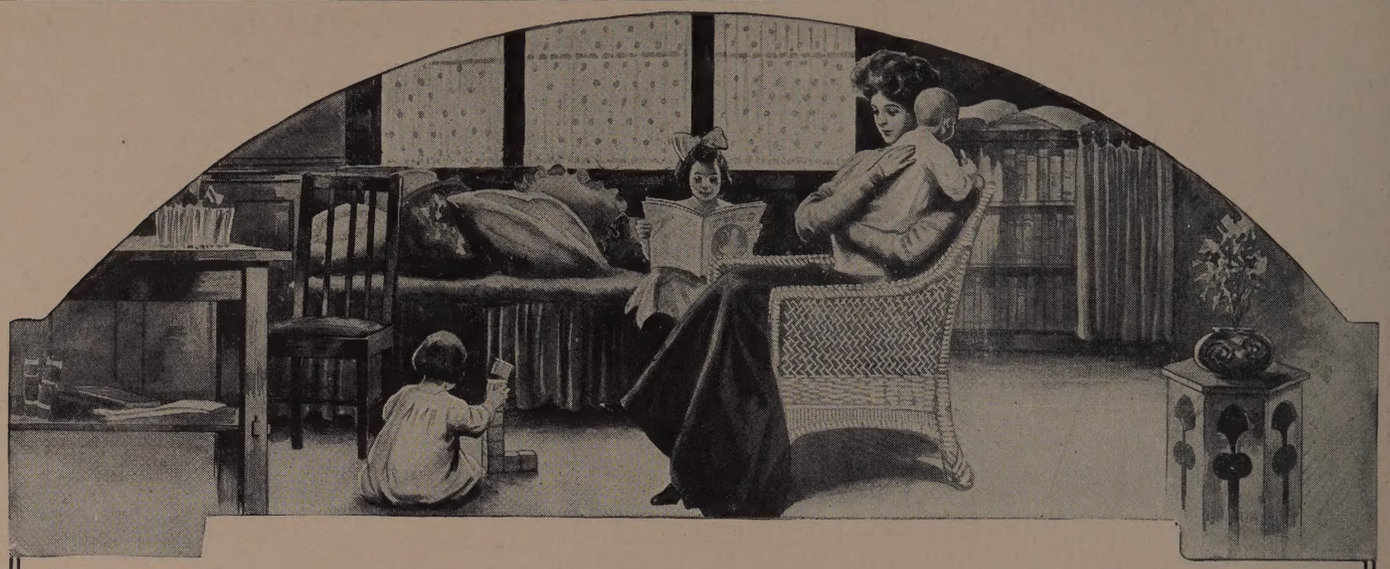

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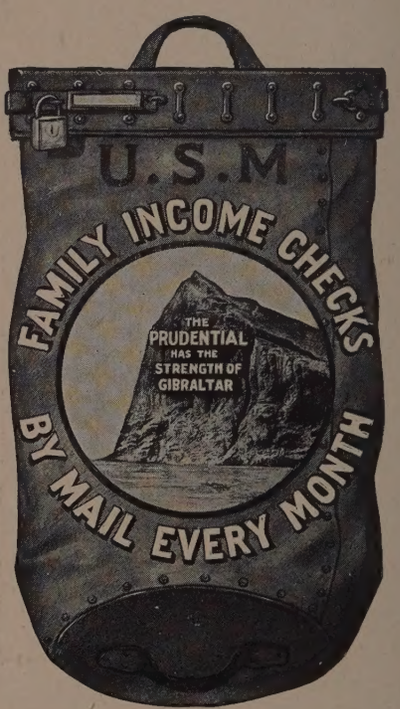

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